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ANTHONY'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XX.

HALF a score of times before four o'clock Colonel Gex had determined to put Mr. Chagbody off, and had as often reversed his decision. Upon the question of a third party's presence at the interview he entertained no vacillation; he would rigorously exclude all until Chagbody's intention discovered itself. This was in direct contradiction to what he had told Alice; but then he had some secret impulse to bravado which concerned himself alone. It may have been a disinclination to appear before his daughter as amenable to the influence of Chagbody; it may have been the desire to convince her, whom he at times actually feared, of his ability to submit his affairs without shrinking to anyone's gaze; in either case, it was only a diplomatic move calculated for her benefit. He would see Chagbody alone; and the prospect threw him for the rest of the day into a fever which he found it difficult to restrain within the limits of mere cantankerousness.

Four o'clock struck simultaneously from the clock and from the knocker. Mr. Chagbody was as punctual as the inevitable ever is.

"Who?" enquired Colonel Gex.

"Mr. Chagbody, sir," said the footman.

"Where is he?"

"In the drawing-room, sir."

"No one else there?"

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"Oh yes, sir. Miss Bud, sir, and some other ladies and gentlemen calling; Mr. Gilstrapp, sir; Mr. Smith, sir—"

"Then the study is empty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show Mr. Chagbody in there, and don't bawl all over the room, but say I will wait upon him immediately."

The footman sidled out, cut to the quick. Bawl, indeed! he—who never raised his voice above a genteel whisper; it was enough to make a footman give notice on the spot; but Colonel Gex was no niggard in the matter of wages.

Mr. Chagbody stood toasting his knees at the fire until Colonel Gex appeared. The small painting of Bud, hanging over the mantelpiece, appeared to have the same fascination for him as it had for Anthony; he remained thoughtfully staring at it until he was interrupted, and when he sat down in response to the Colonel's cordial invitation, it was not in the chair indicated, but upon another whence he could still survey the object of his interest.

"A charming little presentment of your daughter you have there," he observed. "It is most lifelike, excessively so."

"So I have heard connoisseurs say," replied the Colonel.

"Executed recently, I apprehend?"

"Since our occupation of this house."

"A perfect work of art," said Mr.

Chagbody, getting up to look at it, and returning after an interval in which the Colonel muttered fluently behind his moustache. "Intrinsically, and for the sake of the original, it naturally attracts me; also, just now, because it leads up to the—er—topic I wish to introduce."

"Yes?"

"I have never been in this room before."

"No?"

"A very comfortable apartment."

"Yes," said Colonel Gex with difficulty.

Mr. Chagbody dipped his hands into the pockets of the coat he had not removed, took them out again, looked at the palms critically, and appeared in doubt what to do with them.

"Your letter—" began Colonel Gex.

The solicitor lolled sideways to remove a pocket-book from some receptacle about his person, took from it a replica of the missive in question, and lolled in the other direction to return it when he had refreshed his memory. He was never entirely at ease, or free from certain small symptoms of his origin, when in society; these peculiarities come out in different ways, but they are the penalty Mr. Chagbody's ambitious congeners have to pay for success; and it is surprising how keenly such as Mr. Chagbody, whose characteristic qualities should secure their immunity from this pettiness, know their failings and what acute vigilance they exert in the fruitless effort to overcome them.

Yet the disadvantage, in respect of mental comfort, was by no means confined to one party. Colonel Gex could not be loutish if he tried, nor did his embarrassment give him the appearance of being shambling and over-dressed, as was the case with the solicitor; but the irritable trepidation,

to which from some undivulged cause he was subject, manifested itself in a waiting silence and two lines twitching vertically at the top of his hawk-nose. He was in that condition of tension a woman would explain by saying she wanted to scream; being a man, with the more noble masculine command over his emotions, he merely wanted to swear.

"My letter," said Mr. Chagbody, after waiting in vain for him to speak, "has, I hope, sufficiently prepared you for the circumstance that the object of my mission is a delicate one,—one I cannot consider as calculated to encounter a spontaneous welcome—but one which I am sanguine enough to put forward as I can support it with all the material recommendations the most careful father could require. It is because I wish you to consider those recommendations dispassionately and equably that I begged you to meet me unbiassed by bygone incidents,—to consider the matter, as it were, *sub judice*. In a word, I have a favour to ask."

"In—deed!" observed Colonel Gex blandly. His brow lightened and darkened at the same moment, as it does when one is suddenly relieved of a heavy anxiety and the desire of vengeance for what one has needlessly suffered grows strong.

"It is desirable, perhaps, that I should first briefly allude to my private affairs, which are the qualifications I submit to influence you."

"By all means, Mr. Chagbody."

"I cannot pretend to gentle birth—"

"By no means, Mr. Chagbody."

"Neither have I such a high opinion of that distinction as to lament its absence," retorted the solicitor. "What is my own, sir, is my own, made honestly and laboriously."

"Laboriously, without doubt; for the rest—you are a solicitor."

Chagbody rubbed his hands together and his long heavy face clouded ; but it was not his cue to take offence, though the Colonel leered uglily ; his heart was in what he was about to demand.

"A solicitor with a very good and very old practice, Colonel Gex, and practically holding every thread of it myself. That is beside the question, to a certain extent. I have a refined home, where no lady need feel out of place, but where there is no mistress. I have every comfort, and could—*would*, if I were desired—expand into luxury without injuring my resources. My income has reached a point which, knowing as I do your affairs, I am prepared to say equals your own ; as for my social position,—er—the same could be said."

"In—deed !" observed Colonel Gex once more, and this time with ostentatious amusement.

"Certainly. Though my taste for society may not equal your own, I am at liberty to gratify it in quite as respectable—"

Colonel Gex emitted a cackling laugh. Certainly the word was typical of Mr. Chagbody,—his fetish, the god which had made him successful. There was really no occasion for the Colonel's derision ; for of the several deities before which mankind bows down, the god Respectability is the most kind to his worshippers. He has a twin, hight Humbug ; and it is by confusing the two that mistakes arise.

"In quite as respectable households," pursued Mr. Chagbody, "as those to which you have access. I take it these details are admitted."

"Why the deuce should I refute 'em ? They are nothing to me."

"I think they are, as establishing my claim to equality in the essentials of desirability."

"Very well then, Chagbody. Grant all that ; what next ?"

"I have said my house lacks a mistress."

"Engage a housekeeper," suggested Colonel Gex, frowning at him between perplexity and anger. "Confound it, they are cheap enough—and ugly enough, as a rule."

"I want someone nearer."

"You do, do you ! Hang it, man, I am not a matrimonial agent !"

"Sir," said Mr. Chagbody earnestly, and it was deplorable to remark that his very straightforwardness of purpose made him appear more ridiculously pompous and clumsy than ever,—"sir, you have a daughter. Can you spare her to me !"

Colonel Gex stroked his moustache in silence for quite three minutes. He had completely recovered from his ignoble tremors, but he meant their provoker to pay for them. "You !—you marry a daughter of *mine* !" he said at last.

"No, no," exclaimed the solicitor, giving vent to a nervous chuckle.

"I hope you are not wilfully misapprehending me, Colonel Gex. There are feelings upon which I am disinclined to joke. Will you permit me to adopt your daughter ? I have none to expect testamentary benefits from me ; my financial position I have described, and will do so more minutely, giving facts and figures, if you wish ; your daughter shall have unchecked control of my home, of—my—my—yes, paternal love ; she shall be my heiress. I do not make this proposition lightly, as you will imagine, nor without anticipating objections ; but neither do I make it from a transitory feeling of kindly regard for the young lady. I have watched her ; and there are actuating motives upon which it would be unwise to dilate. Finally, may I request a consideration of the *pros* and *cons*, assuming an unfavourable inclination at this moment ; and the honour of

an assurance that you will think deeply before finally refusing me? A father's feelings, I am aware, are strong; but they should not be all-powerful to the rejection of worldly advantages, and in that respect you would be equally a gainer with your children."

It was a diplomatic point, showing that for the nonce Mr. Chagbody's business aptitude had not deserted him; but it failed.

"Which daughter, may I enquire?" asked Colonel Gex. "Their mother assured me I have two."

"The younger, of course—Miss Bud."

"Why of course?"

"Do I gather—"

"You gather nothing from me," said Colonel Gex. "I asked you why of course."

"It is surely supererogatory to enter into the origin of a conversational phrase, Colonel Gex."

"Excuse me, not at all."

The solicitor's heavy features flushed a dusky red which was not attractive. Between them, the whole time, had hovered this ghost he would have given his best to lay, and it had evaded him. His lips were dry; he moistened them without concealment.

"You have not given me an answer," persisted Colonel Gex.

"Is it necessary?"

"If *you* want an answer, it is."

"Because Bud is the breathing image of her dead mother; in her she lives again."

"You impudent pettifogger!" remarked Colonel Gex after a long pause. The veins in his forehead were swelled to bursting.

Chagbody rose. "It was not my desire to broach the subject," he observed.

"You snivelling suppliant!" said Colonel Gex. "You wished to ignore it, I suppose? Professional astute-

ness! So I perceived. *My* daughter, my dead wife's breathing image, living on *your* charity! Beautiful, beautiful!"

"Charity is not involved in the remotest degree."

"I consider that it is, sir!" thundered Colonel Gex. He was by nature a coward; he estimated by Chagbody's submissiveness under insult how much the solicitor would tolerate to compass his desire; also, he had reached the culmination of a long-drawn nervous strain that amounted almost to lunacy.

"Then you are mistaken," replied Chagbody, patient but weighing his chances nevertheless, and seeing them fast vanishing. "I am sorry, Colonel Gex. I can only hope that calmer reflection will make you regret the ebullition I dreaded, and that you will change your mind."

"I consider this incident finally closed," observed the Colonel.

"But if—"

"I will listen to no more of your insulting proposals."

"Insult!" cried Chagbody, facing him,—he had risen also—"you know it is not."

"It is; it is a damned insult for you to drag my dead wife's name into a controversy of this sort,—to make it a means of bolstering up your pretensions."

"Who brought her name in? Not I,—I did my utmost to avoid it. I have suffered two things, Gex, both referable immediately to your malice, both of them as deep wounds as boy and man can suffer; is it likely that, in making the request I do, I should speak of either voluntarily? No; and you counted on it, and acted as you have to precipitate a collision. Still am I willing to ignore this—"

"For a price," interrupted Colonel Gex. "Thank you; I am infinitely indebted to your condescension, but

a little of that commodity suffices. Be good enough to leave my house."

Mr. Chagbody picked up his hat. In his progress to the door he tripped over the hearth-rug and recovered himself by clutching a chair. He had a distressing lack of grace,—he, the injured, certainly the sincere party; while Colonel Gex, though beside himself with passion, looked on in calm, contemptuous scorn.

"I pray that Bud may not live to repent your unreasonableness," said Mr. Chagbody.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have reason to believe, Colonel Gex, that you spend more than you are entitled to spend; I have heard of illicit acceptances in anticipation of a certain contingency. You have not a farthing of capital, legally; but illegally it is possible that you have built upon the assumption of the heir of my deceased client, Mr. Mudge, being dead. No one has authentic intelligence to that effect. There is more than a year yet to run, Colonel Gex; much may happen in that period. I charge you with nothing, I hint nothing; I merely tell you, for the second time in our renewed acquaintance now about to cease, that by lack of caution you can render yourself liable to penalties, heavy enough in themselves and terrible to the culprit they fall upon, but infinitely heavier to those innocent dependants who hold the culprit near and dear. It might be wise, as well as kind, to allow Bud to me; you may have to renounce your pleasant affluence, if nothing worse happens. That is all, Colonel Gex."

He wiped his working face with his pocket-handkerchief; for it was damp, though without the air tingled frostily and the fire had died down during their talking. Colonel Gex's lip hung loose under his ragged moustache, and he would have spoken had

he not been for the moment incapable of speech. He watched the large fat hand on the door-knob: Mr. Chagbody might have gone in silence; but the door was pushed from outwards, and Mr. Gilstrapp and Anthony stood there side by side.

"Hulloa!" hailed Mr. Gilstrapp in his usual breezy manner. "The room is engaged, Anthony; you must come back and knock off your work later. One cannot turn the proprietor out, —it wouldn't be discipline."

"No, come in," said Colonel Gex. He turned to Mr. Chagbody as Gilstrapp and Anthony complied with his request: "And come in, you."

"What is the matter, Gex?" enquired Mr. Gilstrapp scenting a disturbance with interest. "Have you two been fighting?"

"You see this man," cried Colonel Gex, flinging his arm out toward him as he stood by the door. "You see this—this gentleman, who comes here to threaten me. You see him, Smith?"

"Yes," said Anthony.

Chagbody was about to interrupt, but Gilstrapp cut the opportunity from him. "Threaten, by jingo! With what, Gex, and why?"

"Never mind that, Walpole," retorted the Colonel sharply. "Curse your interference—listen to me. He threatens, — and because I refuse countenance to the most consummate piece of impertinence ever devised, —because I resent it, as a man of honour should,—because I am fool enough to refrain from horsewhipping him. He comes here, presuming on his acquaintance with my affairs, and concocting base lies to suit his convenience,—he comes here, expecting me to fall on his neck and weep from pure joy when I hear what distinction is destined for my family. As I kick him out instead, he—he—threatens!"

"We haven't heard the nature of the proposed distinction yet, Gex."

"To adopt my daughter, Walpole; to adopt Bud, and so save her from ultimate ruin by mixing with her relations."

"Rather a rum way of putting it, certainly," said Mr. Gilstrapp; "a bit unflattering, no doubt; but there is no need to get so hot, if that is the limit of his affront. Threatening, however, is another thing. What did he say?"

There was silence for a moment. Mr. Chagbody made no effort to go away. Anthony was in a corner, watching them all, especially Colonel Gex, curiously. In the lull a violent fit of coughing took him and shook his shoulders as a strong grasp might have done; he put his handkerchief to his mouth, and when he withdrew it a slight red stain marked the linen. He folded it quickly and re-pocketed it.

"Now I will tell you two where the especial delicacy of his proposition comes in," exclaimed Colonel Gex, aroused by the sound. "Even you, Walpole, don't know it. He and I have met before. He wants to trade on that. We were at school together—a school for gentlemen, not gutter-sweepings such as he was. He kept it dark, naturally, but I unmasked him and hounded him out of the place. Supported there by charity, at a school for gentlemen, and persuading the rest, even the masters, by his infernal perversions of the truth, that he was fit to associate with us. I unmasked him, Smith, and out he went; but he bore me a grudge, as was only to be expected, the charity-brat masquerading among his betters and contaminating them. I did my duty at any cost, though I was little more than a boy, and they all thanked me but he;—natural, eh, Smith?"

"Very," said Anthony. Mr. Gilstrapp was walking up and down, rubbing his cheek, and that operation appeared to have rubbed away the admiration which Colonel Gex's narrative should have evoked.

"Well," continued the Colonel, "so we parted; but only for a time. He cropped up again. He was getting on,—he had wormed a way into his employer's confidence, and was getting on. That, I suppose, added to his natural presumption, emboldened him to cast his eyes—"

Mr. Chagbody had said nothing all this time. Though he had anticipated opposition he was not prepared for such an outburst, and he lacked the quick wit which enables some people to close a disagreeable topic while it is yet beginning. Moreover, what Colonel Gex had said, apart from the motives he ascribed, was true; and the solicitor could not controvert it. Now, however, he collected himself by a visible effort, and interrupted boldly. "How dare you bring *her* name in? Leave it sacred for very shame, sir, if no other motive can teach you reticence!"

"Dare!" echoed Colonel Gex. "What the devil do you mean by that? She was my wife. Listen, Walpole, and you, Mr. Smith. This pettifogger made advances to the lady whom I subsequently married—"

"You were not even engaged then, Colonel Gex."

"He ventured to endeavour to supplant me, and employed dastardly expedients, I'll swear—trading me as a libertine, a butterfly, a notoriously careless person in money-matters, and the rest. That was *his* idea of recommending his own superior advantages; but I cut him out by boldly declaring his base origin and interested pretensions to the lady's small fortune, and kicked him

out, too, when he had the barefaced hypocrisy to call after our return from the wedding-trip. There are two little matters between us, you will observe, which he has not forgotten; but neither have I, and when he comes whining here to ask for my daughter, because she reminds him of her dear mother, by the Lord! and he would consequently save her from my pernicious influence, I know his wish simply conceals a plot for alienating her and wreaking a part of his revenge in that way. I meet it accordingly, and so much for Chagbody, who has heard my voice for the last time. Should he come here again, my servants will have their instructions, and carry them out as well."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Chagbody, turning to the other two, "what he has said is substantially exact; his imputations I will not attempt to controvert, for I know that you, as his friends, would naturally be disinclined to give me credence. I can remember them, none the less, and also the fashion in which he has thought fit to publicly drag my most intimate feelings to the light and spit upon them. I may perhaps say to you, without incurring the charge of being melodramatic, that it is occasionally unwise to go out of one's way to stir up bad blood which has long lain stagnant, and that, if at any time I am in a position to repay his arrogance, I should be more than human if I failed to avail myself of my advantage."

"You are at liberty to fight for your own cause, sir, without incurring my disapproval," said Mr. Gilstrapp, bluntly, as no one else took upon himself to reply. "So far as I have heard of this dispute, it does not appear one in which I could with propriety take up the cudgels. What do you say, Anthony?" Anthony

made a motion with his head, which might express either agreement or disagreement as the auditor chose to take it. "But," continued Mr. Gilstrapp, "I understand you to have uttered threats, and that is not to be meekly endured. Colonel Gex has not informed us of their purport—" the Colonel broke into a laugh—"Of course, if you consider it merely humorous—" said Mr. Gilstrapp, stopping short.

"Not at all, Gilstrapp, merely a *ruse de guerre* of mine to cover the somewhat unheroic exit of our man-of-law."

For Mr. Chagbody, closing the door behind him, had gone without another word.

CHAPTER XXI.

It would, perhaps, be a stretch of courtesy to call Miss Bud an early riser. Alice had as a rule gone about her household affairs before she came down, and even the Colonel himself had usually made some way with his breakfast; but when she did arrive, it was with no suspicion about her of ever having sat up late, or known unpicturesque exhaustion, in her life.

But then a good many people, of both sexes, doubted whether she could in any circumstances be unpicturesque; and a good many people, of the opposite sex, not only doubted the possibility, but scouted it with diverse strong asseverations. To look at her, sitting alone at the long table, one would have to be a sour misogynist indeed to contradict them. Ye gods! how bright her eyes were, and how the gold of her waving hair put the pale winter sunbeams to shame! How lightly and easily she moved, and with what charming dexterity she trimmed the waning lamp under the heavy silver urn! The butler,—

who compromised his dignity daily by staying to wait upon her himself instead of retreating to the awful seclusion of his pantry—even the butler accepted her saucy rebukes complaisantly, and seemed rather to enjoy them. "Perkins, this dish is cold; how very careless of you to permit such mishaps, Perkins, when you *know* it is Papa's especial wish that my breakfast shall *always* be kept hot for me!" And Perkins, the great, the 'irreproachable, murmurs abashed apologies, procures another dish with his own hands, and is altogether (though an unmarried man) quite fatherly in his solicitude. But even butlers are human, and who can charge Perkins with compromising his sublimity of uselessness in such a cause?

And Bud is human also, very human; one likes her the more, if that were possible, for it. She chatters (one regrets to admit it) with her pretty little mouth full of hot roll, empties an astonishing amount of cream into her coffee, and puts down her cup to whistle uncertain snatches of operatic airs while reading her letters. Newspapers do not interest her in the slightest, but letters do, immensely; and the more she gets the better pleased she is. Missives of all sorts and sizes come for Bud. Some, if there be a companion at table, she reads aloud and jests upon with a frankness which would appal the writers could they see the reception of their carefully composed sentences; others she puts aside, also with a laugh; others are accompanied by boxes of flowers—as if she wanted the rubbish, says she, with a huge garden and a hot-house always full, but seems not ungratified nevertheless; others again she pouts at mischievously, and one can hazard there is trouble brewing for some luckless individual; while yet another class,

not a small one either, which consists of bills, receive no sort of consideration whatever until Alice rescues them from the fireplace or from under the table.

Breakfast over, Bud can generally find a multitude of pursuits to engage her errant attention (of which not the least popular is shopping) but on this particular morning a more restless imp than usual possesses her. Alice will have nothing to do with her; her father is out; she has one unfailing resource, however, and determines to avail herself of it. The secretary is always in his study, until lunch-time at least.

"Good-morning," said Anthony.

"What did you say?"

"Good-morning."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. All the same, I do not think it is a very nice morning."

"Perhaps not," conceded Anthony, determinedly going on with the work before him, and in which, to all appearance, he was engrossed; but as a matter of fact a restless imp possessed him also, though of a very different character from that which had got hold of his pretty young companion. The old brooding trait was busying itself with Colonel Gex, and the scene of which he had so lately been a spectator. He would have been dull indeed had he not long ago formed a true judgment of the Colonel's character and seen in all their nakedness the ignorance, puerility, and the gross selfishness with its invariable concomitant of cowardice, which marked the man to whom he owed so much. He had grown accustomed to them now, and it was no part of his duty to stickle for all the Christian virtues in his employer; but the collision with Chagbody, and the horribly triumphant revelation of baseness then displayed, though natural enough in such

a character, had shocked Anthony painfully. And it had also set him thinking again upon a question that had puzzled him from the first, and the difficulty of finding an answer to which was not the least of his troubles. Why should Colonel Gex, who regarded the feelings of no other human being with whom he came in contact, treat him with such marked respect and unvarying civility? It certainly could not be similarity of temperament (an idea which made him shudder), neither was it unreciprocated affection, for he knew the Colonel avoided him as much as possible, and sometimes he even thought showed signs of embarrassment in his presence. He knew that he did his work well, and more than earned his salary; but he saw that these circumstances were not sufficient explanation, for the Colonel had, half a dozen times at least, procured him the offers of other and more remunerative work. Each time he had been obliged to refuse and always for the same reason, that the proffered appointment would take him permanently or for long periods away from London. Such a step the conditions of his life forbade, but the necessity of refusal detracted nothing from Colonel Gex's assiduity; yet at the time his gratitude was tempered by an uneasiness which pervaded all his relations with the Colonel, and recently, since the offers had been discontinued, the uneasiness remained and the gratitude had vanished. There was no room for reproach in his mental attitude. One cannot compel the higher senses as if they were mechanical; they are above the will and act spontaneously, and from that very cause are sometimes invaluable guides when the most elaborate reasonings fail. He could not admire or like Colonel Gex, but he rendered him his due, and so, outwardly at least, the balance was

even; his right to speculation no one could deny or arrest, least of all himself who suffered for it, as all introspective natures must. It was upon these things he was pondering when Bud burst in upon him; and it may have been these thoughts, aggravated by the contrast pictured in his mind between her father's mature worthlessness and her pure young beauty, that sent the blood rushing more quickly than usual to his head and stirred that singing in his ears which was wont to follow one of his violent fits of coughing.

Bud walked toward the window, with her school-girl's trick of swinging her arms and tossing her fair head, intended to mark a cool indifference. The young lady was annoyed. He smiled to himself, but with a touch of repentance; it was impossible to look at Bud and be brusque with her.

"You are not shopping this morning," he remarked in a conversational tone and fixing a seal in its place with much precision.

"Thank you, no," replied Bud, very stately. "I did not intend to do so; I will, however, if you wish."

"Certainly not on my account."

"Oh, I have no objection."

"Really, I beg you won't."

"On the contrary, I think it the wisest and also the pleasantest thing to do, Mr. Smith. Good-morning."

"Come now, Miss Bud, do not let an innocent remark of mine drive you against your will into spending money."

"I beg your pardon. You could not *drive* me into doing anything, Mr. Smith."

"Come—"

"I am going to go."

And so she did, with a little sniff of contempt. Anthony made an effort to settle again to his work which was promptly frustrated by a reappearance of the fair head.

"I have ordered the carriage. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"What have you ordered the carriage for?"

"To go shopping for my own pleasure."

"I think it is going to snow," observed Anthony. "Look at that heavy grey cloud coming up out of the west."

"Good gracious, I believe it is!" She scanned the horizon narrowly; Anthony watched her screwing up her lips thoughtfully. After a moment she rang the bell and countermanded the carriage. "A day wasted!" she exclaimed. "Bother the old weather!"

"Have you nothing to do?"

"Do you think I should come in here if there were anything better to do?" enquired Bud, lifting a pair of arched eyebrows over eyes that were wells of laughter.

"I cannot pretend to guess how far your lack of taste would lead you."

Bud ensconced herself in an easy chair by the fire, and placed her shoes on the fender. It was nothing new for her to take calm possession of a situation like this; and as for Anthony, he was a good-looking creature enough in an odd way, but married, and — pooh! only Papa's secretary.

"You are pleased to be satirical, Mr. Smith," she said when she had made herself comfortable, "and I don't like satirical people."

"Everything I say is wrong," protested Anthony. "Perhaps I had better not speak at all."

"I think that would be best," replied Bud genially, and closed her eyes as if overcome with boredom.

Anthony's industry had completely oozed out of him. He wrote his own name a great number of times upon the wood-work of the desk, and rubbed it out with the feather of

his pen. Unthinkingly, he began to write Bud's name; before he had completed even so short a word he came to himself with a start, and erased it; at the same moment the owner of the name spoke again.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"You are not a very entertaining companion," was the next observation.

"I wish somebody nice would come and cheer me up."

"I fear I am not," said Anthony rather sadly. "Some are merry, some despondent in this mixed world, Miss Bud; it is according as the lot is doled out."

"Why are you unhappy, Mr. Smith? Is it about your poor wife's ill health?"

Bud's voice, with the clear flexibility of youth, could express many things; and the tone of unaffected interest, like a wondering child asking a question about one it has known and liked all its brief years, surprised him, who only knew her as a gay, careless coquette, and touched him too. Yet how could he tell her, of all people, of his wife, and what his career had been! The connection of the two figures, started by her question, showed him at the same moment the underlying cause of his former vague shrinking from Bud: that he had involuntarily compared them — two women, struck from the same immemorial die, with the same gift of beauty originally, though of a different type, with the same potentialities of happiness; and now — Agatha, at the Wharf, — he could see her as plainly as he saw the other before him. He was dreaming again, and forgot to answer the girl, though his gaze was fixed upon the face turned toward him and his thoughts flew from Agatha at the Wharf to the pretty young creature before him.

Presently she made a slight move-

ment which pushed her chair round ; it was quickly done, and he was conscious that she must have caught his intent look. "Don't you ever get cross with yourself?" she asked.

"In what way?"

"Why, when you have decided to do something wicked, or foolish, or both, and know it to be so, but, in spite of all, mean to do it!"

Anthony passed his hand across his forehead once or twice. "I know what you mean," he answered; "when a feeling of perverse rebellion is stronger than conscientious scruples, but not strong enough to entirely quell them. Yes, I have experienced that; there are few people of any sensitiveness, I imagine, who have not. It is only the congenitally criminal who are free from it, or the half-witted. Venal acts, despite the proverbs, do not invariably bring their own reward, but a foolish act never goes unpunished; perhaps that is the explanation of so much misery existing in the world, for I am convinced there are many more fools than knaves. What made you propound so precocious a question?"

"Oh dear, I am sure I don't know," said the girl, passing by one of her rapid transitions from the wise to the pathetically helpless. "I wish I had not; it has made you get profound again, and moralising and all that. Do let us be cheerful and silly; it suits me so much better."

"You are never silly," said Anthony quite gravely.

"And you never pay compliments?" sparkled Bud, the incarnation of mischief in an instant. "I heard somebody say so once—what a solemn old fibber he must be!"

"No. Childishness is not silliness, and God knows childishness is no blameworthy trait." He was growing himself again—old long, long before his time, and guarding himself

strenuously lest he should treat her as a young man would have done.

"That is very ponderous," said Bud, pouting just sufficiently for him to perceive it. "It makes me think of what Mr. Chagbody would be like if he had joined the Church. Don't imitate Mr. Chagbody for goodness sake!"

"I am not imitating anybody, Miss Bud; and Mr. Chagbody means well, I think, so I should not in any case mimic him with the intent of making fun of him."

"I am glad we have done with him," said Bud; "he was a tiresome old thing, who used to follow me about and glare at me in a perfectly insufferable manner. I cannot think why he did, or why he wanted to adopt me; he must be mad."

"He was very fond of you; is not that a good reason?"

"He should know better than to worry me like the whole collection of young stupid ones has to meet."

"One cannot blame them."

"You cannot do what?"

"Nothing, nothing, Miss Bud."

"No, but do tell me," coaxed Bud; "I do so want to know what you said."

"Tut! a foolish speech," replied Anthony, resolutely refraining from looking at her. Indeed, he had spoken half-involuntarily, and hardly above his breath. "It will not bear repeating."

"Mr. Smith," cried Bud, "look me in the face, and answer my question!"

She left her chair, and drew near; for a second he met the flash of her brilliant eyes, then his own dropped and a faint flush rose to his face.

"How can you be so persistent about such silly trifles?" he asked hoarsely, picking up his pen. "Why do you come here, Miss Bud, to—interrupt my work? Have you no harmless diversion to supersede this

farce of forcing me to talk with you and scatter my thoughts that should be collected if I am to perform what I am paid to perform?"

He spoke rudely, almost brutally, of set purpose. Bud drew a little hard stool, like a penitential stool, quite close to his desk. This he could see, though he was ostentatiously bent over his papers; also that a laced pocket-handkerchief was in her hand, and her lips were drawn down in reinorseful lines that were no less maddening than hypocritical.

"Mr. Smith!" came a pleading whisper. He took no notice of it, but his pen was idle although it trembled in his fingers.

She touched his coat-sleeve with her little hand, and then laid it on the papers before him.

"Yes?" he said with an attempt at gruffness; it was a poor attempt, and she kept her hand down.

"You are very cross and unkind."

"I am acting justly in saying what I think."

"Still you need not be cross because I am a little tease, Mr. Smith."

"You are mistaken," he said more steadily. "My words were prompted by a very different emotion from anger—with you."

"Then you are going to be a dear, and forgive me for teasing?"

He was looking down at the little hand,—a necessity enjoined by his assumption of displeasure, for it was covering his work. If he had turned to the left, it would have been to meet her eyes, and he could not turn to the right without presenting the back of his head,—which would have been an admission of clownish weakness.

"Perhaps I should be the one to apologise," he answered.

"Which means *yes*?" cried Bud. The slight fingers moved as on an instrument.

"If you like, Miss Bud," he said. "And now let me get on with my work."

"That is a half-hearted submission. I need some token that you mean it."

"Well?"

"A real act of condescension."

He thought for a moment. After all, it could not—"If it is in my power," he said abruptly.

"There—there!" cooed Bud; "I will not set him a very hard task. In a certain house, where lives a certain princess who is rather childish but likes to be obeyed nevertheless, there is one rebellious slave. In that house a small dance is to be given this very night. Does the slave, who scorns all worldly frivolities, know that?"

"He saw the preparations when he arrived this morning."

"And doubtless scoffed at them in his heart. His punishment for rebellion is that he attends that dance."

"And what if he refuse?"

"He is banished permanently from the light of the princess's countenance. No, *do* come, Mr. Smith," pleaded Bud, dropping the allegory, and becoming the wheedling child again. "Don't be such a crabbed hermit; why should you? You have never been to one of our parties yet, and both Papa and Alice would think it rudeness made you refuse so often if they did not like you so much. *Do* come!"

"Does the princess put her slave's refusal down to rudeness also?" said Anthony, but Bud had by this time forgotten all about the princess's rôle.

"You must," she said.

"Really I would rather not."

There was a moment's silence. The fingers stopped tapping under his eyes. "Mr. Smith!" said the clear fresh voice. He looked up at her. "Are you a woman-hater?"

"No—no, I think not."

"Oh, but you are; I have always known that. Are you *afraid* of women?"

"No," he replied again with a touch of anger.

"I do not believe it—you are."

"What makes you talk in this style?" he demanded. "It is ridiculous and unprofitable to the last degree. Why should I be afraid of your sex?"

"Very well then, you are not." She withdrew her hand from the desk, now that he was no longer looking at it, and placed it with the other demurely behind her back. That tantalising smile which so many women and so few men can assume, was on her face, a smile of pity, amusement, and self-confidence, which raises the eyebrows but does not touch the lips. He moved away, and stood facing the fire.

"There will not be many people," said Bud softly. "It is quite an informal dance. Papa told me to ask you."

"Did he?"

"Of course, Mr. Smith! I do not issue invitations."

"No," said Anthony over his shoulder, "you issue commands."

"It is quite an informal dance," said Bud once more; "very few ladies."

"I shall be very happy to come," said Anthony defiantly.

"Thank you!" she cried, flying from the room before he could retract.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANTHONY spent the earlier part of the evening at the Wharf as usual. He could perceive there was a change in his wife's condition, but whether for better or worse he could not tell, though his presentiments hardly let him dare to hope for the former.

He took Scripture aside, but the old man, in his unnoticing way, had seen nothing in the day to distinguish it from any other. Anthony gave up the attempt of cross-examining him, and devoted himself, as he nightly did, to amuse her and distract her mind. He was more successful than he had been for months.

She talked slightly at random, but volubly, instead of scowling in silence or throwing in a pettish word as was her wont of late; she seemed pleased with his companionship, and once or twice he thought there shone a new light in her dark eyes. Later, when Scripture Soffit nodded over his book, she sunk her voice suddenly and put her arm through her husband's.

"He has got plans in his head," she murmured, "evil plans, but I will frustrate them."

"Who has?" said Anthony.

"Him," she answered, pointing surreptitiously at the old man, "Father. He is a bad lot, and sly enough to cheat a whole legion of devils; but he sha'n't do *me*. Look at him now, pretending to be asleep to inveigle me into speaking out loud! An old fox, Tony, that's what he is, but I've got my eye on him."

"Hush, hush!" said Anthony, endeavouring to soothe her. Endearment had always been hard to simulate; it was harder than ever now. She had placed her hand on the table before him to emphasise her mystery, exactly as Bud's had lain not long before; it was one of those sardonic tricks coincidence is so fond of playing. "Hush, Agatha; he is your kind old father, and would give himself to torment to save you a moment's pain, any day."

"See!" she exclaimed with a note of satisfaction that showed itself in her voice without heightening it. "Didn't I say he was a sly fox? He has managed to blind you too, but I,

I am too quick; you can take your oath of that."

"Let us come into the yard," said Anthony.

He placed her fur cloak round her shoulders and led her out. She took her accustomed seat on the great baulk of timber jutting over the river. It was very dark, and he could only hear the oily ripples lapping beneath their feet.

"What delusion is this?" he asked, but the firm tone had no power over her.

"None," she retorted. "I know what I know, and I see what I see. You are a gull, a pigeon; anybody could get on the right side of you with enough soft soap. I did: I dare say a good many others did before my time, only they played their cards badly; and now he has. Since you are such a fool, I must pour into your dull ear my tale of horror. Listen, Rodrigo!"

"Cues from old plays," he exclaimed, losing his patience.

"Listen!" she screamed, stamping her foot. "Listen, mole! He means to keep me here until I die, and then throw my corpse into the river that fish may gnaw at it as it goes sailing to the sea. He does not mean me to leave the Wharf, that is his design—to chain me up a prisoner for ever and for ever; to gibber at my tears when I am dying for my wider field in life and on the stage, to watch my last breath struggling from me, and then—to launch me out upon my voyage to the sea—oh, the villainy of it!"

"Agatha, a hundred times I have offered you the opportunity of going away; a hundred times you have rejected it. No one wishes to keep you here."

"He does."

"You are wrong," said Anthony. "Give up harbouring such notions. We can leave whenever you like."

"Now?"

"Not at this moment, of course—"

"An evasion," she interrupted scornfully. "Are you in the plot?"

"To-morrow,—there should be nothing to prevent us that I know of."

"On your davy?"

"On anything,—does that content you?"

"I will put it to the proof to-morrow," she answered.

When he bade them both good-night the old man was smoothing her wealth of tumbled hair, and she was smiling up at him almost fondly.

Anthony had arranged to dress at Mr. Gilstrapp's, and go on to the dance with him; both because there many more facilities existed than his own cramped quarters could afford, and also to avoid disturbing his wife's temper by the knowledge that he was bent on amusing himself without her. It was an odd experience to see himself in evening-dress once more, and the sensation was not wholly pleasant. He was not one of those who live in the passing hour and snap careless fingers at the future. He would be masquerading to-night as a man of competence and easy mind; from the moment he fastened a set of Gilstrapp's studs into that spotless shirt until he should take them out, he would be acting a part in a hollow farce. He stood so long in front of the glass, when fully arrayed, staring at himself with a sort of angry wonder, that Gilstrapp pushed him aside, laughing.

"You conceited young cub," he exclaimed, "posing like a bread-and-butter miss before her first party. We all know you are gifted with that style of loveliness which attracts women so much, and which they call *interesting* or *romantic*; but the deuce is in it if the ugly ones cannot get near a glass in their own houses!"

With a start Anthony made way,

and sat down to wait until his friend was ready. He wished most earnestly that he had never been cajoled into promising to go to this party; and even now, at the last minute, had a plausible excuse occurred to him, it would have been sent. He could think of nothing. His wife's latest outbreak might have furnished one, but he never thought of it in that light. Her changing moods and fancies were so various and contradictory that this one did not disturb him as it would have done only a few months since; it represented but another link in the chain of squalid sorrow. Moreover, to cite it would have seemed to him ignoble. He had yielded in a lapse of weakness; but that her infirmities should be employed as a means of rescuing him from the girl he instinctively knew to be her rival was a baseness he could not descend to. He dreaded meeting Bud again—because he wished to so fiercely; and he cursed himself for a cowardly fool.

Mr. Gilstrapp kept up a cheerful flow of conversation which was in no way daunted by the vague replies it met. He seemed in the highest spirits, and might have been a lad bound for his first dance. Anticipation still stirred Mr. Gilstrapp to enthusiasm, and realisation was not an orchard in which he grew Dead Sea fruit. When they reached the house he leaped out first, and completed the anecdote he was relating as they walked up to the front-door.

Alice Gex was receiving, with her father by her side. Mr. Gilstrapp, after making his salutation, contrived to edge himself behind them, and lean against the wall. From that coign of vantage his tall figure seemed to superintend the festivities and partake in the duties of welcome; he had a nod, a bow, and a ready smile for each

guest; he assisted to brush aside each peevish remark his host made, and not the slightest sign that Alice gave escaped him. He saw her shiver slightly once. She said nothing, but he moved away, closed an open window near, and returned noiselessly. She had perceived his manoeuvre, however, and smiled her thanks. He did not dance, and Alice found an opportunity as her duties grew less exacting, to ask him why.

"With you, if I may, when you are free later," he answered.

"The old fogies?" she said. "If you like."

Meanwhile he was quite content to watch the people arriving, and the self-reliant girl who bore upon her slender shoulders the direction of this great house.

Anthony found himself alone. Colonel Gex had grinned at him through his eye-glass with the mixture of affability and constraint he was prepared for, and had made a semblance of retaining him in conversation. It broke down with the influx of newcomers, and Anthony moved on.

The room was by no means crowded. It was a small gathering, as Bud had said it would be, and dancing was not that struggle for existence which constitutes a ball in the season. The young lady he could not yet see; he knew hardly a soul, and, beyond a passing word, made no effort to indulge in conversation. Presently Lancelot Memory disentangled himself in the distance from a strenuous partner with red hair and a painted mamma, and drifted towards him.

"Amusin' yourself?" enquired that gentleman sadly.

"Very much."

"I am not," volunteered Memory in accents of unutterable gloom. He sniffed at the strongly-scented exotic in his coat, and it appeared to temporarily revive him. "I hate all

this gaiety, as it is called," he continued; "the monotony is awful. Same partners, more or less; same frumps; same ices; same sort of music; same sort of band, fiddles got the shrills and cornet got asthma. Frightful, isn't it? Why do we go to 'em?"

"To mortify the flesh, perhaps," suggested Anthony.

"No, you're wrong. I'll tell you," said Memory. "*It is because we've got to.* There is a reason discoverable for everything in the cosmic scheme if one only searches for it diligently. Take these ghastly amusements. We must indulge in them, all of us. There are different motives, I grant you, but it amounts to the same thing in the end. You know why I come—why I should come if I were dragged by wild horses in another direction. It is compulsion; I cannot help myself, and neither can you."

"May I ask what is my incentive?"

"I should hurt your feelings," said Memory.

"I have none."

"Well, you come, I take it, because in your position it is obligatory to do the civil and accept your employer's invitation as a command."

Anthony smiled a little in relief. "You are a subtle analyst," he remarked.

"I have suffered," responded Memory sepulchrally. "*I am suffering.* Have you seen her?"

"No."

"She is here."

"So I assumed."

"Having supper," said Memory. "Supper! Ye gods! how can she eat and drink? I cannot. They went down together instead of dancing. Mine is the next but eight."

He drifted off, looking as if there were nothing left to live for. He certainly was the best-dressed young man in the room, and the pale yellow

flower in his coat appropriately symbolised the pathetic jealousy which seethed under his waistcoat.

A little later, when the band struck up the first bars of a very rapid polka, Anthony saw Bud at the other end of the room. In a moment she had swung past him. He tried to look away, but could not. Her skirts swept his feet (she must have come so near of set purpose, for there was ample wheeling-space) and she nodded and laughed to him. Her partner (a gentlemanly individual, trained to school his feelings,) successfully concealed his chagrin at having simultaneously flung a pearl of wit to deaf ears, and steered Bud as far as possible in another direction. Again and again she passed Anthony, on each occasion with a mark of saucy recognition. In a concentric circle of wider orbit moved Memory, and his partner wore an air of painfully repressed exasperation. Bud was as usual setting men by the ears, and were others only implicated Anthony could have found it in him to laugh; but there were three men concerned, and he was the third. To be critical, and enjoy the situation, it is necessary to be a disinterested party. He was conscious of Lancelot gravitating aimlessly toward him, and sitting by his side.

"What an abominable travesty of enjoyment," he observed.

"If it is uncongenial, why don't you go!"

"Why don't you?" retorted Memory.

"I have not said I was not enjoying myself."

"You are no more austere in appearance than usual, certainly," admitted Memory, and lapsed into silence until the music ceased. "That's over," he then remarked. "Mine is the next but seven; when is yours?"

"I am not included in the list," said Anthony.

"Good Lord! You, the prime favourite! What have you been doing? Take my advice, Smith; never offend a woman, especially one who has shown you favour. Not the least tremendous of the eternal paradoxes assures us that woman, the mis-called weaker vessel, has powers for destruction the most powerful man cannot rival. He may ruin your career or batter your body, according as his gifts lie, but she can wither your soul with a look and freeze the warm blood of your heart with a word. Smith!—reverence, idolise, idealise them, however fruitlessly, and live on the food of hope; but scorn them, and rue the consequences!"

"There is nothing of the poetic in my composition," said Anthony drily. "I cannot follow your rhapsodies."

"Ah, you are married," said Memory, as if that explained many things, as, indeed, it often does. "Still, I speak the truth. All happiness, all misery, has a feminine origin," he went on, sucking a gloomy consolation in adversity from platitudes, as small minds will. "Why is Chagbody not here to-night? On account of a row about a girl; he didn't want to marry her, but that don't affect the argument. Why do I crawl through life, with only one interest which invariably leads to disappointment? For the same reason; and I wouldn't mind hazardin' a woman has made you the dismal devil you are."

"Wouldn't you?" said Anthony abstractedly. He was not listening. Bud was now under the escort of a new cavalier, moving along the mazes of some elaborate figure which kept her at a distance, but her golden head was very distinct as it wound through the shifting throng.

"Pooh! it doesn't admit of controversy," continued Memory. "And it is productive of all sorts of indirect effects. You know, after the rupture, Colonel Gex wanted to take his law business away from Chagbody; did he speak to you about it?"

"Yes," said Anthony; "but he afterwards explained that the intricacies of the affair rendered such a course inexpedient if not impossible."

"But he arranged that Chagbody should have nothing to do with the estate in future; that the management should be transferred to me, in point of fact. Naturally, I am proud of the distinction, however brought about, but," added Memory, with a magnanimous concession to strict veracity, "to speak plainly, I am a bit of an ass at the law, in spite of its being my profession, never having been obliged to practise it for bread and cheese, you see. So I still have to call in Chagbody to settle knotty points, and somehow I do not feel to be acting quite straightforwardly in the face of my client's strict injunctions; I live in mortal terror of the Colonel putting a legal poser to me before company, which I should be powerless to fence with. And it all comes, Smith, as I have said, from female influences. Astounding how far-reachin' trifles may be in their effects!"

"Very true," said Anthony indifferently.

Memory continued talking, after his fashion, too wholly convinced of the profundity of his own remarks to notice the scant attention they received. Three or four times he went away to dance, for he was a gentleman in considerable request, and could he have erased the image of the elusive Bud from his bosom, might any day have secured a helpmeet nearly as attractive and immeasurably more stable. At every

opportunity, however, he returned to Anthony. For one reason, he genuinely liked the secretary whose gravity opposed so contradictory a front to his own helpless enslavement, and he had no grounds for jealousy of the man who in other circumstances would have been his chiefest rival among many; for another, he noticed that Bud contrived to pass the rather secluded lounge where Anthony sat more often than any other particular spot, and that each time she had a glance or a word for him. Knowing her powers, she was maliciously indifferent to the excruciating effect of this procedure upon her partners. Everyone admitted that Bud was a chartered free-lance, and ruefully submitted to the inevitable; but it was inexpressibly soothing to Memory to watch the faces of some of the martyrs in whose company she passed that particular corner.

"Mine is the next but one," suddenly announced Memory as the music ceased. "Hulloa, she's coming over here! Have I calculated wrong—no—still—my dance, Miss Bud?" he said, rising.

"Oh dear, no," she replied, taking his place on the sofa. "We are honoured by your appearance, Mr. Smith."

"But—" put in Memory.

"Well?" she asked, lifting her eyebrows with well-affected surprise at his venturing to exist at all, much less to speak.

"Not at all, not at all," replied the stricken Lancelot.

"My sister told me," said Bud, talking at him over her shoulder remarkably clearly, "that she had promised this dance to you; she is very catholic in her sympathies."

Memory disappeared precipitately, having forgotten the engagement in the perturbation of his mind. Bud

was in one of her most merciless moods.

"Why do you treat him so badly?" asked Anthony with purposely apparent indignation. "His heart is among the soundest, and whose fault is it that his head has but one idea?"

"What?" she asked innocently.

"Memory."

"I did not come here to be lectured," she cried, putting up her fan so that her face was hidden. "As I have said a thousand times, you are the most ridiculously ungallant and *gauche* creature of my acquaintance."

"A lecture would not be undeserved, though none was delivered," said Anthony.

"Then I have been naughty," she asked, putting down her fan, "and—and childish?"

"So I think." It was easier to be censorious with the fan hiding the merry face.

"Very well," said Bud; "I will be just sweet to him—because you ask me to."

"You are the most provoking little—" began Anthony angrily.

"Angel," she concluded as he stopped, "or witch. Either is applicable, now isn't it? Why are not you dancing?"

"I know very few here; besides, I do not wish to do so."

"Dear me!" said Bud, screwing up her lips. "How ascetic!—if that is the word. I have this dance free."

"Which is also quite ascetic," said Anthony ironically, but he said nothing more.

"Good-bye," she declared after a barely perceptible pause.

"Miss Bud!" he called when she had gone two steps.

She turned round. For the first time he saw a slight frown troubling her brow.

"May I—"

"No," she replied without coming nearer.

"I am sorry."

"Are you?" she enquired. "What unusual self-abasement! Good-bye."

The music struck up, and she came tripping by, her partner claiming her whole attention. So it was in the next dance, when she was obviously making atonement to Memory, and when, if the face gives any index to the feelings, that young man attained a beatitude which comes to those only who can give all and expect nothing. Still Anthony remained on stupidly, undecided whether to go or stay. When at last, with a curiously complex mingling of feelings in which regret and relief struggled for mastery, he decided upon the former alternative, Gilstrapp sought him out and kept him bound in a string of robust optimistic talk. He had not noticed it hitherto, and knew it to be an emanation of his morbid self-torturing, but Gilstrapp chafed him to madness to-night. How could a man, having seen so much of the world as Gilstrapp's years attested, be so cheerful and heart-whole? Alice Gex sat by him for a little time also, talking in her quiet matronly way until she left him upon the older man's arm. It was very near the end of the party when he rose to go. Bud he could not see; she was most probably in some quiet corner enjoying herself hugely by driving to distraction one of her ignoble army of martyrs.

He went to his study on the way out to make sure that some papers were locked up. To his surprise a light was there—feeble, for only one of the candles had been lit, and the match still smouldered unheeded on the floor. The carelessness suggested Bud, and, sure enough, there she was, resting on the sofa, her elbow on its

back and her forehead in the hollow of her hand.

"You are tired," he said kindly, sitting down by her.

"Naturally," she replied, sitting upright at once. "I have been dancing the whole evening, and listening to idiots."

"Can I get you anything?"

"If that is an excuse to escape, it is not very subtle," she retorted.

"Honestly," Anthony said, "I mean it; a pretext, if you like, to act the protector, and remain longer to see that you take the restorative."

"I am not an invalid," said Bud pettishly; "and I would prefer being left to my own devices."

He remained, however, wondering how much of a brute he was, or whether his scrupulousness was not unjustified. The rich colouring of cheek and lip had given place to an unwonted paleness, and her eyes seemed larger and brighter by contrast, though they had lost for the nonce their usual mischievous sparkle. Her gloves were pulled off and thrown upon an adjacent chair. How white and round her arms were,—he could not take his gaze away—fuller and more finely formed than the girlish figure would have led one to suppose. There were pearls about her neck, with one pear-shaped drop hanging as a pendant in front, and even its soft lustre looked sorry by contrast with the dazzling skin. He forced himself to say something. "Why this unusual taciturnity?" he asked in as near an approach to his usual tone and manner as he could command.

"Is that wrong too?" she asked without looking at him. "Formerly I was too talkative; now I am the reverse. You are difficult to please; but it does not matter."

"It does," said Anthony. "I like to see you yourself."

"Myself, who plagued you to death

with inopportune chattering! I don't ask you to tell stories on my account, Mr. Smith."

"What can be your object in judging me so harshly? Does it really afford you pleasure, or make my task here more easy?"

She made no reply. He had been prepared for a bold retort which would have been innocent from her very girlishness and irresponsibility, but she seemed suddenly to have changed with her first relapse of spirits and her pale face; and in that consciousness he went on: "Though I am so much older than you, Miss Bud, and have led such a different life, the time is passed when you can be reckoned as a child and the time has not yet come when I can be called less than a man with all a man's strong feelings. The world does not practise criticism for the pleasure of

weighing facts, but for the opportunity of distorting them with the possibility of being believed. Do you understand me?"

He kept as firm a rein upon himself as he could, as if propounding an academic thesis; but it was hard to ignore his own personality when it cried out so insistently of what it endured.

"Do you understand?" he asked again.

As he looked at her for an answer, suddenly she drooped sideways, and her fainting head fell for a moment upon his breast, with the wealth of golden hair he had often seen glowing in the sunshine like the symbol of rippling joyous life, covering his shoulder, and the quiescent fair face upturned to his own. In that moment he bent and pressed his lips against hers in a passionate kiss.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOUNOD.

THE following notes of conversations with Charles Gounod seem so characteristic of the man and of the artist that on reading them over after the lapse of many years I have thought it a pity to consign them to oblivion in the old desk where they lay hidden. I give them to the public, therefore, just as they are, because if I began to take out all reference to myself, they would no longer have the merit of showing the kind and affectionate disposition of the Master who did not care what trouble he took to please people whom he liked.

I was passionately fond of music and I had the intense desire to see something of a life for and in art which takes hold of most young folks who have heard operas and read books about musicians, but whom a cruel fate has kept hitherto afar from what seems to them a world of enchantment. I endorsed upon faith the saying of George Sand: "To be an artist,—only that makes life worth living!"

In this state of mind my happiness may be imagined when a friend asked my mother and me to accompany her to one of Gounod's Sunday afternoon receptions. It was at the time when he was living in London after the French war. I felt a little alarmed when I was introduced to the Master, but he at once placed me at my ease, and thus began one of the pleasantest friendships of my life. For three or four months I saw Gounod frequently, and after some of these interviews I wrote down what he said, exactly in his own words. As a rule he spoke to us in English,

which he had not learned very long but which he spoke with a command and felicity of language rare among foreigners. Sometimes, however, he was at a loss for a word and used a French one, and then he would go on talking in his own tongue. If he was speaking of something that interested him he was carried away by his subject, and seemed to irradiate an enthusiasm which it was impossible to resist.

One of his favourite themes was Palestrina. "Palestrina's music" he said "is holy music. I do not say sacred music because God knows what is not brought out as such in these days. But it is holy; it is the music of worship, passionless, calm, pure, majestic, strong as the Faith! It is outside of earth and its passions; it swells and falls like the waves of the sea; it is the music of the supernatural." And again, another day, he said: "Palestrina's music is immense, it is like the sea. A gentleman said to me, 'What was that tedious piece by Palestrina?' I answered him by a little story. When my mother-in-law, who is a very excitable, enthusiastic person, first saw the sea, she exclaimed, 'Oh, my friend, how magnificent, how sublime!' My father-in-law answered, 'There is certainly a great deal of water.' Yet, you see, a great deal of water makes something, it makes the ocean. But Palestrina's music requires a long training and tradition [to execute]. I can assure you that when I heard that piece in St. Peter's at Rome, it filled me; it took away my breath with its grandeur."

I set down now some of his stray remarks.

"I believe that Mozart was neither more nor less than Raphael in another form. His genius is the same, is identical, in another art."

"Singing is expression, singing is painting. The voice should interpret every thought and feeling differently. So is music altogether. Should I make an angel speak as Faust would speak to Margaret, or should I address a pagan goddess as I should address a Christian saint?"

"I am now writing something, something of the Annunciation. And the other night I was thinking of the words: 'The Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee named Nazareth to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph of the House of David, and the Virgin's name was Mary. And the Angel came unto her and said, 'Hail!' and then at the words, 'He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David,' I heard such chords, such music, as I never heard before. I wrote it all down."

"If I were only twenty, I would go into a convent for ten years. I would be there alone with my God like Moses on Sinai; I would work towards my ideal. But there is no faith in the world; people can hear but one word, money, money, money, money."

"I do not gain, I lose by hearing my works performed. I cannot let my POLYEUCTE come out for there are no tenors [1873]. I could not bear, as I have borne, to hear my work destroyed and murdered; I could not endure that suffering; it would kill me. Now, you know, the greatest, perhaps the only pleasure of art is the conception. What I hear can never be adequately interpreted. I

think the second act, the baptism of Polyeucte, is the finest I ever wrote."

"Music is the most beautiful art, but it is the most detestable profession. But is not that right? That which belongs most to heaven should fare worst on earth."

"People will run after all that is superficial and frivolous, the *plaisanterie de l'art*. Yes, after Offenbach and his kind. I hate that sort of music! And then, look at Beethoven! Look at him after the long martyrdom of his life dying with the words on his lips, 'And yet I thought that I had something here!' Placing his hand on his head a little while before he died and saying, 'And yet I thought that I had something here!' Ah, it is terrible! But you will find it always; like Jesus, the greatest and the best live among robbers to die among robbers."

"The beautiful in art is the calm, the deep. Go to the British Museum and see the statues of Phidias; they are a school for every art, for art is one; there is no separate rule. They are calm and restful. Nothing contorted, nothing *convulsionnaire* is artistic."

"Against the Perfectly Righteous there were found two false witnesses. One of the most magnificent words in the Gospel in which all the words are magnificent is, where it is written, after Jesus had been persecuted by all the wretched busybodies and slanderers, 'But he was going,'—going away from the barking of dogs, the sneers of the Pharisees, the turmoil and toil of life."

"*Il n'y a pas de grand homme; ce qui est grand dans l'homme, ce n'est pas l'homme, c'est Dieu.*"

"Beethoven sold his Ninth Symphony for £20!"

"*Quand je travaille c'est que je suis en paradis. Je me dis toujours que quand je mourrai je verrai ce que je*

cherche. I shall see what I search for ! On ne parle pas de l'art dans le ciel mais il est dit qu'on chantera."

Once, when advised to take rest, he answered: "*Qu'est ce que je puis faire si je ne travaille pas ?* Work is life."

"I have a conviction that my REDEMPTION will be my last work. What can I do after that? And in opera, what can I do now? There are Mireille, Marguerite, and Juliette; these are my three women. But if we put on one side Mireille, and say, Marguerite, Juliette, and Polyeucte,—what more can I do? Friendship? Yes, but is friendship a very musical subject?"

"I began to think of FAUST as a subject for an opera when I was twenty, and I wrote it at thirty-eight in two and a half years. So in this way it is certainly the chief work of my life."

"What is hard is that, when we have become most worthy and most capable of doing good, we must die. But perhaps it is that God is determined to show that He can do without our help, that He has no need of men to carry out His work and His will. Yes, it is hard too, to see the young and gifted taken away from us; but they may have left their mark, they may have impressed something of good and noble on some other soul and so their mission is accomplished. I have in Paris a dear friend whom I have known ever since she and her husband were children, and they are to me as my own children, and every year for some time I passed some months with her in her *château* in the country. We used to take long walks in the summer in the park and talk about all things, art, music, religion, life, death, philosophy. And she once asked me, as you do, why I did not write a book on all this? But that I could not do; I could not

write as I talk; music is my book. But if what I may say does good to those who hear it, so much the better. I told my friend that if she, having a good memory, could write down what I say, she could make what use of it she liked; but I cannot write it down."

"I am sometimes in the greatest state of joy and hope, and sometimes in despair, in darkness. It has always been this struggle in me between light and darkness. *L'équilibre*—it is that we strive after and that we never quite attain; we are always rocking to one side or to the other."

In his dark moments Gounod always thought that he would never be able to write any more. "My musical-box is shut," he used to say.

I repeated to him the remark of a friend: "Gounod's music is the music that lifts me to heaven, and it is the music that will be sung in heaven." "Well," he said laughing, "I hope the music of heaven will be a good deal better than mine." Going on in the same strain, he said that he hoped that he should be near his friends in heaven, "For what should I do with all the commonplace people there?"

Some reviews of his REQUIEM came in. I said that I hoped some day to hear it perfectly performed. He answered: "One day my REQUIEM will be perfectly performed, on the day of my death. Then will be my supreme revenge on my critics; I shall say to them, 'You are dead but I live.'"¹

"The critics," he added, "have always been against me; they have had a system, namely, to bury every new work of mine and then, after a

¹ In the end Gounod modestly directed that no music of his own should be performed at his funeral. The mass was sung to a Gregorian chant.

while, disinter it so as to kill the next one."

It was very interesting to hear him teaching his choir. Once he said to them: "Now in this part I want you to sing as if you were silent; it seems a paradox, but I want you to imitate silence by your singing. If I sing like that, no one need be silent, but if I sing like this, all the room must be in silence."

Though he always had a word of praise for them, Gounod's patience was tried by the not unnatural ambition of amateurs to sing his music to him. I remember his face while a gentleman with a rather nice voice but a wooden style, performed *Salve dimora*. He was delighted, however, to meet with real talent. We introduced to him a boy of eleven named Claude Jacquinot whose clever playing on the violin we had heard at a musical party given by the late Mrs. Pitt Byrne. Received with a kiss of encouragement, the little fellow performed Gounod's AVE MARIA accompanied by the composer. Claude was modest but not in the least nervous; he played afterwards an elaborate *tour de force* and then a little piece of his own. The Master pressed him to his heart; "This is a good boy!" he said; "now we will have the sister-piece to that, a little song I wrote when I was thirteen,"—which proved to be the charming FAUVETTE. I mentioned that it was my recollection of the interview between Mendelssohn and "the wonderful boy Joachim" that had led to our arranging the present meeting. "In this you were his god-mother," said Gounod. Then turning to the boy he continued: "I bless him; if my wishes are realised he will have a great future. But you must work, and you must always remember that the more you know, the more you will have to learn." To the parents, who were now much excited,

he said: "If your son is as good as his organisation he will be a great source of glory and happiness to you. I give him my blessing. I wish I could give him all that I have in me, all that is here," and he touched his forehead. Claude told him that he was writing an opera of which the overture and many of the songs were ready; Gounod told him to bring them the next time he came. Then the boy said something which Gounod could not make out so he asked me to explain. It was this: "I wish you could have all the money Mr. C. gets for your writings." This practical observation from lips like a cherub's brought us all down to earth.¹

Someone present remarked how kind Gounod was to show such interest in the young violinist. To this he replied: "We should all help each other; what we have, we have it only that we may give it. I had the honour and happiness of knowing Mendelssohn. It was in 1843, five years before his death. When I was in Berlin, his sister, Mme. Hensel, whom I had known at Rome, gave me a letter of introduction to her brother at Leipzig. I was with him for four days from morning to evening. Ah, he was so good! What he was to me I cannot tell you. He *convoked* (how do you say that in English, convoked?) the Choral Society, which was *en vacances*, for me only! And he gave me the score of his symphony in A, the one dedicated to the Queen of England; you know it?" Here he hummed the opening motive. "Is it not lovely? Mendelssohn was an angel upon earth. But what he was is shown in his works; you may all know what he was."

¹ I soon lost sight of the Jacquinots, but I believe that Claude won honourable though not extraordinary distinction in France.

On hearing that Dr. H. was acquainted with the Mendelssohn family at Berlin, Gounod asked after each of the surviving members, and especially the "stern-faced" Paul who had been Dr. H.'s pupil in mathematics.

To wind up the afternoon, we had ABRAHAM'S REQUEST and THE SONG OF SOLOMON, two of Gounod's most beautiful sacred songs beautifully sung. When there was no one to play the violoncello accompaniment to THE SONG OF SOLOMON Gounod used to hum it, and the deep expression which he threw into the notes was never equalled to my hearing even by that touching instrument. I may here recall that I heard him say more than once that he thought English was the best language for religious music. He much admired the severer school of English Church music, as, for instance, the anthems of Dr. Wesley and of his father Samuel Wesley.

One winter in London I was ill with a cold at our hotel in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, the same in which Anthony Trollope died, and which he celebrated in one of his novels by describing it as "frequented by the better sort of deans and bishops." Gounod came often to see me. One day he appeared at half-past two dressed in a long fur coat which made him look very picturesque. "You must excuse my *toilette*," he said as he laid his fur cap on the table; "but I do not come to pay a *visite de cérémonie* to a young lady, but as one soul comes to another soul. How are you my dear child? This morning I said, I must go early to see my Eve, as if I put it off I should not be able to go, as there is the choir to-night." He said I ought to do nothing: "This child ought not to work! She ought to be *l'enfant gâté*, fed upon love, and also upon good cutlets. The body must be looked

after as well as the spirit. Love is worth just as much as the people are worth who give it. I need not tell you that I love you, my dear child. I loved you from the moment I saw you, and I think love is a thing that arrives at its maximum instantaneously; if one loves a person for thirty or forty years, one does not get to love him more or less; it is just the same."

Another day he brought a little machine for spraying the throat; he had gone to some particular chemist to buy it as it was a French invention. We showed him a book of poems by Louis Dierz; he read one or two but did not like them. "Bad style, bad style," he said. "If I do not strongly accentuate the words you cannot understand what is meant, but if I do, hear how unmusical the sound is! This poet follows Victor Hugo too much. I admire Victor Hugo very much, but not his imitators. The tendency of modern French poets is to exaggeration. Now what is difficult in art is not what we give forth, but what we hold back. It is to say to everything that is exaggerated, to every immature thought, to everything that is not true, *vous n'entrerez pas ici*. People nowadays write poetry to be looked at, not to be read aloud. They think much about the idea, but nothing about the way in which it is expressed. I say to such as those, 'Why do you not write excellent prose?' The very life of poetry is to be perfect in form as well as in thought."

I asked who were his favourite poets? "Molière," he answered; "Molière and Lafontaine, these are my favourites. See how admirable are Molière's lines! If the French language should exist for a million years, not a word could be added or taken away from the verse of Molière.

No exaggeration, no poverty, no redundancy! It is like Mozart; it is perfect for all time. Do you remember the admirable scene in the MISANTHROPE in which Oronte shows his bad verses to Alceste?" And he forthwith recited nearly all the scene.

Then again taking up the volume of Dierz's poems, he opened it at one which contained the words, "*Nos douleurs sont immortelles.*" "*Mais ce n'est pas vrai,*" he said; "*nos douleurs ne sont pas immortelles. Nos douleurs sont mortelles.* Our sorrows, the sorrows which we innocently suffer, are surely for this earth only. As to *les damnés*,—*c'est autre chose.* *Mais enfin, il y a une parole de Notre Seigneur à laquelle je pense toujours. Il disait, 'Mon Père, je n'ai pas perdu un de ceux que vous m'avez confiés excepté le fils de perdition' (qui est, je crois, Judas). Pas un! Ainsi, j'espère qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup de monde en enfer.*"

On the nineteenth of that February there was a Wagner Concert, a novelty then. Gounod happening to say the day before that he would like to go to it, we asked him to come with us, to which he readily assented. At the agent's we were told that all the good places were sold, but when it was hinted that M. Gounod would be of the party, three excellent seats in the middle of the front row were produced. The concert began with the overture to TANNHÄUSER,—"*a fine work but un peu trop violent.*" After a song from RIENZI there was a selection from LOHENGRIN, all of which Gounod liked but most of all the prelude to the third act; several times he said in a low voice, "That is beautiful, that is beautiful." But

a piece from the MEISTERSINGER he did not like at all.

After the concert he returned with us to the hotel and took chocolate with us. "The public," he said, "moved much faster than the individual, and therefore the individual must place himself before his age if he desires not to be behind it. Wagner has some idea of this sort; it is a necessity which every true artist must realise. Great men may be said to be for every age save their own; small men are for their own and none other."

"The colouring of some of Wagner's *morceaux* is splendid," he continued; "it is intensely mystical but is it scenical? Is it suited for the stage? There is more process than finality in his music, and he is too fond of exhausting the orchestra all at once. Violence, impetus, is not strength. Look at the Greek art! There is a saying of Tertullian, the Father of the Church, 'God can be patient because He is Eternal.' And, you remember, in the Scriptures when God spoke to Elijah, He was not in the storm nor in the whirlwind but in the still, sweet breeze. Now look at Mozart's DON JUAN. The statue advances to seize the guilty one [here he hummed the music and imitated the action] without hurry as without halting, tranquil, and inevitable as eternal justice."

A few weeks later we left London for the country. "I like to see people come but I hate to see them go," said Gounod when we took leave of him. "*J'ai porté le deuil depuis vingt heures pour votre départ.*"

It was a prophetic mourning for we saw him no more.

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

ON IRISH GREENS.

THE west coast of Ireland is very peaceful after the crowded Dublin streets, full of flags and glory and dazed with wonder at themselves. From that marvellous week in which Ireland welcomed the Queen it was pleasant to go down to the County of Clare, and think of all that week might mean, after the tumult and the shouting had died away. The roar of College Green on that Wednesday morning could not be effaced from the memory; it was recalled by the Atlantic waves breaking on Kilmahkeen before the wild north-west wind, and one wondered during the night which sound was really the louder. There was much to recall; there was a disposition to shake yourself by the hand at the recollection how your heart leaped into your mouth and your voice cracked and failed, as She came round the corner of Grafton Street. This was in Dublin city, and now we have journeyed a long way, even to sandy Pylos, and in this cooler air there can be no mirage. The folk of Clare do not seem changed; the United Irish League will not lose many members by the Queen's visit; Limerick will be as garrulously disloyal as ever. Golf is a game that promotes reflection, and on the links the true meaning of things comes clearer. In Dublin were gathered together from all Ireland all the loyal people who could make the journey, and their mad excitement ended in turning the heads of the townsfolk, who forgot themselves and cheered as if they too would give their lives for the flag. One must own, in fairness, that they were ever ready to

cheer for the Dublin Fusiliers. But the royal visit bore a meaning and a message for all those in Ireland who have stood during long bad years for the Union with England, firm against open threats and cunning slander. They took it as an acknowledgment of what they had done. They felt that they had deserved well, who had lived so long in a sort of siege, sometimes as much harassed as the defenders of Ladysmith. To them it is due that Dublin in April was hung with the Empire's flags, that the Queen was able to come to her own city as its Sovereign Lady. To her and to them be the high pride and the credit; none of it to any English government. And so the loyal subjects received their reward, in a manner worthy of their kindly Mistress. They were all honoured, all decorated, when the Empress-Queen drove into Dublin without fear, with never a groan to meet her. They also have kept the flag flying. It was pleasant to go to a lonely place and think about it among the sandhills.

When a cricketer takes up golf, even before age has bowed his haughty spirit and loosed his knees, he can find many excuses for his apostacy. He must keep in some training during his discontented winter, for after thirty years football is an anachronism; perhaps he fears that idleness during the winter months will develope the notorious evil liver. But it is best to consider such a golfer, born from the corruption of a cricketer, as the Industrious Apprentice; he is putting by for his

old age, like a good young man who insures his life when twenty-one. In the evil days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, his early-gained skill in golf, together with a well-nursed handicap, will prevent his life from becoming a vain memory of happier things. Such arguments furnish a full and sufficient satisfaction for a decadent cricketer's lapse into golf. They do not remove his scorn and anger when he hears of boys handling the golf-stick as soon as they are as tall as a mashie, or his shudder at learning of schools where golf is permitted. Such a performance as that of the Oxford team against Cambridge, whom they beat pointless this year, makes him uneasy and irritable; skill like that of the Oxford players argues a mis-spent youth, for it must have been acquired in years when cricket and football should have been compulsory; in such a case the half is greater than the hole. For golf is no game for boys; its influence on a weak character is evil. The best young cricketer may at any time be bowled out by anyone; the flying three-quarter may find himself clasped round the ankles, for all his brilliant run, by a plucky little full-back in the Third Form. Both of them must learn to bury pique at their own failures in exultation over the common glory. For boys golf is too selfish, and fosters conceit; it does not teach the weary and aching to whisper, "Endure on, my heart, for aforesaid you have endured other worse things." Even now cricket is taking too much note of statistics; averages are worshipped, and the youthful cricketer is led to keep one eye on himself and the other on the newspaper. But personal, selfish records are the essence of golf. The players work round the course, "and

the sin ye do by two and two" you are praised for one by one. If the gentlemen of England who sit at home in ease hear that their sons at school play golf, let them indite hard matters, and set their children's teeth on edge. The young must stand up to fast bowling on bad wickets, must fling themselves under the boots of forward rushes, for the age of universal peace is not yet. Golf is for those who drink whisky and soda-water and talk about rheumatism, and speculate on coming old age.

There is no primrose path to the putting-green; the novice at golf has no broad and easy road to tread. He suffers the more because his self-esteem is cruelly wounded. He may have won some success at cricket or football, having played long enough to make the most artful tricks of the game surrender him their secrets, and now he sees himself once again a ridiculous beginner. His associates look on him as he looks on a girl trying to bowl round-arm; he is ungraceful and ineffective, and he is conscious of it from the lining of his cap to the soles of his boots. But he never abandons the struggle; there seems to be no anti-toxin for the golfer once infected. No matter that for years he has glowered at the clubs, and railed against the barbarous jargon; he is now for ever fallen, as unrepentant as Lucifer and equally garrulous among the partners of his fall. Cricketers and football-players talk far less about their fortunes than golfers do, who mouth technical terms with a smack of the lips. Cricketers are almost reticent about the chances and changes of their innings, because they were plain for all men to see; they cannot take a bat and ball into a hidden place, and issue full of history. Footballers are men of action, not of words, and upon them too a fierce

light beats. The golfer ponders over his "brassy lies" alone. Though his work lacks the high dignity of cricket it is nevertheless not so frivolous as the enemy maintain. It may indeed be held with truth that a cricket-match is at least eleven times as important as a golf-match. When Grace led out the English team against the Australians no one could remain unmoved; the main was set, the issues were vast. Nothing suited the occasion but Virgil's stateliest measure :

Hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia
Cæsar
Cum patribus populoque, Penatibus et
magnis Dis.

Still golfers derive some dignity from the foe against whom they strive. Rugby football is a story of abortive effort; cricket is but a constant appeal to human frailty; the golfer is matched against Nature herself. His enthusiasm is the same spirit that animates the colonists who turn the barren plains into oceans of waving wheat; Nature is fond of leaving both them and him in a hole. Further, and this is where mortal temper breaks down, the golfer is also contending against the eternal truths of mathematics. Two and two make four though the wind be a gale and the rain heavy, in bright sunlight and in a black squall. When the good golfer dies he will go to a Paradise where two and two make three.

But the novice who wants more immediate consolation (*experto credat*), he will find some oblivious balm if he brings his clubs, his clumsy arms, and sliding feet to the West of Ireland, where are fine links upon a fine coast in the stony-hearted county of Clare. When the world seems too much with him he can forget the brassy and the cleek, and watch the arrival of the league-long rollers that

left America last year. The small village of Kilmaheen, to which an epidemic fate has led him, is at the end of a deep gulf; you can lie on Furdurstrandí, the Long and Wonderful Beaches, and see the two arms of cliff stretch out on either side of the setting sun. The village looks very old, and is very indifferent to golf. There is no doubt that the natives thoroughly despise the butterfly visitors, and wonder patiently at their recklessness in hitting and following a little white ball, when the potatoes should be dug, or when, as always, seaweed must be saved from the waves and heaped and dried, or dug into the potato-gardens for manure. If you snatch an afternoon from the game to wander round the village or on the little sea-wall, everybody looks sideways at you, and no one addresses you. Your presence after all is not unacceptable, for such fools as you sometimes leave a little money in the cabins which serve as shops, if perchance you run out of tobacco and buy with coppers a foul taste and smarting lips. You feel you are an alien as you listen to the high-pitched voices talking a language of which you know never a word, and also you feel no regret. Here, on the edge of Europe, are the early inhabitants who have been pushed to the brink by the more active races behind them; very many have taken the plunge and crossed to the other side. The men and women look small and wizened; the former, in honour of their superior sex, wear boots and the universal clerical felt hat; the latter fold a shawl around their heads and are generally barefooted. They must be better off than the inlanders, for there is plenty of food within reach of their tarred canvas boats; the captain bold of a coracle cannot venture far. The sea too is a jealous sea, and its

wrath has made it lonely, for on this rough-hewn coast there is no harbour of refuge when the ocean wipes from its face the innumerable smiles and begins the fight once more. Never a sail crosses the horizon; the familiar fishing-smack of the North Sea is here unknown, and the sea flings up no rubbish but its own upon the spotless sands. Not without reason the little houses of Kilmaheen are roofed with slate; on many nights in the year a thatched roof would feel too strong an impulse landwards; also slate is cheap and straw is dear, where no grain-crops are grown. The village lies under the grassy hill on which the Golf Links Hotel affronts the sea; on its right hand are the sand-dunes untrampled for ages save by the conies and other feeble folk, until a practised eye detected that here would be the perfect links. Now the wilderness is charted, and unconsidered dells and hillocks have the beautiful new names which trip off the English tongue, familiar atrocities such as Klondike, the Veld, Ponds.

These are said to be "sporting" links, and the novice finds the sport monotonous in variety, as he follows his ball from great deep to great deep, looking for greens which lie, like Lacedæmon, low among the rifted hills. One can rename the stations to suit a wandering fancy. Here are the Caudine Forks, there the defile Trasimenian; care must be taken not to drive into the river Allia. As to the natural fortress known as Ponds, once upon a time there you and I and all of us fell down. Gallant charges were made, as fresh troops arrived, in the teeth of wind and hail, with a faith that ought to have moved the mountain; some stayed there until their cards became fiery scrolls, written over with lamentation and woe; then they passed on, still nursing the unconquerable hope.

Elsewhere a topped drive may travel far; on these links the ball must rise, and turn neither to the right hand nor the left, or the striker will wander devious in undiscovered country, *Latiumque beabit divite lingua*. From it he will emerge feeling like stout Cortes, or a badly-trained setter, or St. Paul after fighting against wild beasts at Ephesus. After such troubles as these, when the novice feels towards Scotchmen as Dr. Johnson did, and hates his clubs, and hates the wrinkled smile of the golf-ball, thinking with regret of the red, round, comfortable ball he knew so well, he will do well to seek peace elsewhere and ensue it. Upon the cliffs he may forget to mourn over the great Pou Sto, horrid problem; within the sound of this forgetful shore the vanity of human wishes is clear. It is a fine opportunity to ponder over the pathetic fallacy, until it is lost in petty interests. Here is green sea, dark sea, and white sea, with peaceful, inexplicable ribbons of greyish water like paths across a common. Looking inland you see the same colours in sky and land, but there are also the purple cliffs above and yellow sand below. Scholars who think Homer's epithets inconsistent where he makes Achilles sit "on the shore of the hoary sea looking over the wine-dark main," should go to the shore and be wise. When the weather is calm the far-travelled waves sound like a droning bee; in storm they roar mightily, for they do not know the secret of the maddened scream. The place begets wild and impossible desires. The imagination dreams of taking a house, filling it with books, and living here throughout the lonely winter, watching the gales drive in from the Atlantic, and enjoying what somebody calls the tumultuous privacy of storm

In sociable moments an attempt could be made to discover whether the natives have minds and souls, and whether they are more cautious than stupid. You must own that they possess souls, even though they do not call them their own, if you will snatch a fine Sunday morning from golf, and spend it in religious observation. There may, or may not be five Protestants within reach of the small chapel-of-ease at Kilmaheen; the Roman Catholic Church has the rest of the people. The golfing visitors are therefore so important, and the Protestant rector so unusually sensible, that a special early service is held at ten o'clock on summer Sundays, so that a long day may be spent on the links afterwards. Even this fails to draw the sheep within the fold, who are scattered over the green pastures. The little conventicle could hold fifty worshippers at least; on the day of a great Church festival it contained about fifteen. There had been loyal hands at work in the quaint, bare little building; daffodils and even fragrant yellow roses were disposed around pulpit and chancel; the young clergyman was in earnest also. It is obvious that we are cultured Protestant folk, whose souls are in our own keeping, not in that of the priest's. We seem somehow to reckon responsibility more lightly than he can do. Sunday after Sunday the Roman Catholic Church fills and fills, as the donkeys hobble in from the inland lanes and are tied beside the door; the late-comers kneel in the court-yard off the street; the later-comers kneel in the street itself. These can see nothing, hear nothing; the proper movements are made at the proper time as the impulse spreads outward from those within. They are, in a way, a pathetic sight, these kneeling worshippers, and yet—faith and ignorance, unfaith and knowledge,

our souls are not in our keeping, although, militant and dominant, we do call them our own. If reverence for the Church meant obedience and loyalty in other things, applause would be well-bestowed; but the peasants of Clare are neither obedient nor loyal to those placed in authority over them. Perhaps their reverence for the priesthood exhausts all their stock of it. Within those limits their sympathies are wide enough. If you go south along the cliffs for a long mile or so you will come to a doll's house over a holy well. The tiny wooden building, three feet high by one deep, is more like a doll's house with the front wall gone than anything else in the world. On the shelves is the usual assembly of little china images, some sacred, some secular, and of delf mugs to drink from. It also contains a card setting forth the merits of St. Anthony of Padua. What do they know of Padua or Padua of them? A mere Protestant knows nothing of St. Anthony, unless it be his fire, and not much of Padua. It was not a saint who

Learnt the art that none may name
At Padua far beyond the sea.

The contrasted surroundings at Kilmaheen are full of interest to the stranger. He is housed in a modern hotel, picturesque, self-sufficient, containing an excellent cook, and all the little luxuries which pampered people expect from bed-time to bed-time. When he wishes to send a telegram he walks "down town," and writes on a counter in a cabin, a white-washed cabin, such as grow so luxuriantly all over Ireland that nothing seems more hateful, until the next blue-washed or pink-washed house comes in sight. Is it the Celtic glamour that makes our people prefer a whitewashed

cabin to one covered with climbing plants and set in flowers? No money is needed where the nearest wood will furnish armfuls of treasure. If the inherent love of beauty, which sets the Celt above the Saxon according to people who live mainly in London, determines the matter, the House Beautiful should stand naked and unashamed, a whited sepulchre in green pleasaunces. It is more kindly to believe that in many cases this nakedness is a legacy from days when the tenant dared not improve his holding, from fear lest the landlord should raise the rent. Still the Irish peasant, man and woman, is notably indifferent to the beauty of flowers, wild or cultivated. The children rarely gather from the wealth of spring blossoms with which the West of Ireland is clothed. In Kilmaheen the children are wild and shy, except the caddies. These keen small boys are exposed to evil influence early in life. We may fancy that they keep a company of villagers enthralled in evening-hours when they quote the language they have heard issuing from a bunker; in such remote villages new oaths are doubtless welcome. As, however, they are Roman Catholics they are unhurt by the Sunday golf which lashes some Church of Ireland parsons to madness. Many of us have heard the familiar exordium, "Living as we do in the midst of an erring population," and know well that diversion is at hand. The caddie in full work is a youthful Cæsus where wages are small and infrequent; with other boys he must feel like Harvey Cheyne among the "We're Here's." He earns shillings for a two hours' stroll, while his father, small and bent, does ten hours' work for a couple of them. The caddie's education brings out his intelligence, and he is a man of the

world compared with his elders. They stare at the red coats with dull uncomprehending eyes, as shy as the dark Iberians; if you speak to them, they risk a startled glance, and then their eyes are everywhere but on your face. Strangers and strange speech seem to distress these dwellers on the coast. Elsewhere in Ireland any man is glad to rest from his labours and chat joyously with a stranger, inasmuch as he loves novelty, and has a passion for wasting time.

Kilmaheen lay through all the ages in the undiscovered country at the Back of Beyond, disturbed only lightly by a narrow gauge railway, whose trains trickle slowly along the coast. Light railways are delightfully casual, and make no display of power. The ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep of Kilmaheen did not suffer from the trains. But an enthusiastic golfer drove, by mere accident, along the shore some years ago, and saw that here Mecca lay waiting for the pilgrims. Other men had looked at it with unseeing eyes, like those of Sir Bedivere. Sand-hills, short grass, low lean thorn, are beautiful to the eyes of multitudes now who would once have shuddered at the view. There is probably by this time a neat golf pavilion where Locksley Hall overlooks the sandy tracts. One of the saddest lines and most beautiful that Tennyson ever wrote, with its slow movement and long pauses, would now evoke gay recollections of a mashie stroke among

The oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and
the bulrush in the pool.

Kilmaheen is a fair spot, and anyone who would view it aright may take a ticket to Lehinch. He will find the railway-companies generous to golfers.

E. E.

BEHIND THE PURDAH.¹

I.

A STRAGGLING building with a spiked gateway, sadly out of repair, and needing manipulation in the opening, as it led through a bare courtyard to a portico that did its best to be imposing,—such was your introduction to the royalty of Balsnigh Rai, of an Indian principality. And if indeed the iron and the mortar had failed to impress you, there was always the chance that the ill-dressed, ill-drilled guard would excite what was lacking in the sentiment.

But there was time for a regular series of impressions to lounge through your unoccupied mind. The opium-eating courtiers around his magnificent Highness believed in admitting you to the presence in detachments, as it were. The more abject you felt, the more likely was it that you would appreciate their pinchbeck glories; and you sat on in the *darbar* vehicle, the two lean horses foaming with the drive from the guest-house, under the weight of a not too modern chariot and a harness patched up with strips of soiled rag or old packing-cord. Along the unwashed stone verandahs were disposed *dirzies* (tailors), of varying capacity. Their chief sat holding some cheap Manchester print between

the toes of his right foot, the while he clicked the unerring steel of the workman whose craft had come to him, like his existence, from his immediate antecedents. Curious garments they were which he cut, loose, shapeless coats with tight interminable sleeves; and he threw them now to this, now to that subordinate, who whipped a long piece of cotton off a small white ball, and requisitioned both toes and fingers while he helped the creation of the coats through the next stage, preparatory to the operations of the large important man at the sewing-machine. Yes, a veritable sewing-machine it was, and the colony and the State were rightly proud of it.

Before you look further, you should note the way the men work. 'Tis non-Western, topsy-turvy, the needle pulled away from you, and travelling, therefore, from left to right of the seam, instead of *vice versa*. In a group by themselves sit the gold and silver embroiderers, lean men with keen faces and bent backs. They sit on the floor cross-legged, and the most beautiful designs grow under circumstances and with the aid of implements primitive to a degree. Beside each worker lies the bullion (gold and silver in tiny spangles or delicate wire lengths) in some rough receptacle, an old newspaper, perhaps, or the contents of your waste-paper basket. The design is chalked out on the velvet or satin; and he sews the bullion on to this, running the sharpest of needles through the wire, which he has first snipped to the size required. The manipulation of that

¹ *Purdah*, a veil or curtain, and especially a curtain screening women from the sight of men; the phrase is equivalent to *Zenana*, the women's apartments as distinct from the men's. "Native ladies look upon the confinement behind the *purdah* as a badge of rank, and also as a sign of chastity, and are exceedingly proud of it." *LIFE IN THE MORTUARY*, by an Ex-Civilian. Two volumes, 1878.

mass of glittering gold and silver becomes fascinating,—but here is Chunital the herald. Miss Rebecca Yeastman, the lady-doctor, through whose spectacles we have been looking, is summoned to the *darbar*-room.

Tall is Miss Rebecca, and spare, and angular. As she alights, her *chatelaine* jingles ominously. Have you ever noticed how much personality there is in a jingle? There is the cheerful jingle of the maiden of seventeen, an inviting tintinnabulation, saying,—“I am coming, play with me, laugh with me, waste as many precious minutes as you dare!” There is the decided resonant clash of the elderly matron: “I have come,” it says, “to set things straight;”—don’t you hear the sound? Then, lastly there is the mean between the two; the confident, active jingle of the woman of business, not enticing, but yet not jarring, just pleasantly negative. “I know not what your work may be, but I’ve come to do mine, and to do it well;” and at the sound all idlers despise themselves, and slink into unseen corners. In India there is a further jingle, the jingle of the domestic, “rings on her fingers, bells on her toes;” but her ditty is,—“This is my bank, my bank! In this showy, noisy form I carry my savings.”

Rebecca Yeastman was of the third category, and the tailors instinctively sat the more upright as she passed them, and sleepy Huri, in the corner, rubbed his eyes, and cracked his toes, and fell vigorously to his tacking.

Not a whit bashful was she, as she followed her guide up the marble staircase; the outlook was improving, but her environment very seldom affects a woman of Rebecca’s calibre. For so self-possessed, brisk a person her walk was a surprise; ’twas rather like a camel’s,—head protruding, steps long and halting—but it did still

suggest dogged steadfastness of purpose; and she was a thoroughly good creature, every faculty of her, of that you were certain.

“Lady Sahib will wait here,” said the man. “Ranee Sahib have not yet had permission to receive. Rajah Sahib has the white mark on his forehead, will not finish the service of the holy Vishnu for an hour or more. No one will disturb the lady.”

An hour or more! the practical soul of the woman of business abhorred the long vacuity; however, she had resources within possible reach. From a capacious pocket she produced some feminine filigree occupation, and ran the ivory bobbin in and out under the vigilant *pince-nez*.

Presently it occurred to her that it might be as well to put together her impressions of the room. A comprehensive glance sufficed. “Plush and broken crockery!” she said, with her characteristic grunt, and as her eyes wandered back to the bobbin, she intercepted the steady scrutiny of a pair of black eyes. They were not, by any means, a nice pair of eyes, long, narrow, a little quizzical, wholly wily and untrustworthy,—hall-marked *spy*. Rebecca Yeastman was certainly not sensitive, or she would have realised earlier that behind almost every curtain lurked some such watcher, soft-footed, noiseless, wakeful. However, this particular inspection in no way disconcerted her: neither annoyance nor curiosity, even the most fleeting, varied the immobility of her face; and, albeit she knew it not, it was to this fact that she owed the termination of her vigil. The old harridan, who directed affairs behind the *purdah*, carried back a favourable verdict. “She’ll do,” she said. “She’s as ugly as the toad which croaks in the pond yonder; and she can keep a secret, or may the Gods forever still my lying tongue!”

It was this old woman, Parbathi herself, who went back for her ; and she led her through such dark, intentionally devious passages, that Rebecca, though excellent at locality, could never tell whether or not the room she finally entered were in the same building as the one she had left.

The sight which greeted her was sufficiently new and engrossing. The room was large and square with windows too high for purposes of outlook, and closely barred against all use as ventilators. On the floor was a gaudy Western carpet, stamped, literally as well as intrinsically, as cheap German merchandise. In the centre of the room stood a high silver bedstead, hung with opaque curtains, which were evidently not intended as security against mosquitoes, for those musical creatures buzzed among the heavy folds with appreciative contentment. On the floor sat women of varying ages, some shaven and without ornament, others caparisoned gaily enough ; all in the rich dark reds and blues of the Kathiawad *saree*. They were moving their bodies to and fro to a monotonous Gregorian wail, which ceased not for the entrance of the intruder. Parbathi pointed to the bed, and Rebecca approached, being constrained to submit for lack of language, else her initiatory activities would certainly have been devoted to the extrusion of the noise and the introduction of some fresh air.

When her eyes had adapted themselves to the want of light, what she saw in no way alarmed her medical instincts. Among tumbled bed-clothes, rich silks, and cheap cotton sheets, lay, fully dressed and bejewelled, a smug, sleek, decently-featured Indian lady. Her skin was beautifully smooth, and under her lashes were the accustomed artificial shadows, the material *absit omen* of

the nation. One plump hand lay lazily across the clothes, and you saw that the nails were well-kept and dyed with the brilliant *mendhi* ; the other hand was coiled pettishly round the short thick neck.

"Bilious," said Rebecca. Parbathi did not understand, but she saw that the doctor was not impressed by the heinousness of the disease, and she poured out volleys of jargon, waving her hands in wild gesticulation. Then, growing helpless at the sight of Rebecca's calm and sane proceedings,—the matter of fact feeling of the pulse, the unceremonious lift of the eye-lid, the business-like production of tablet and pencil for the composition of a suitable tonic—it dawned on her that a communicating tongue was what she wanted ; and she darted out to secure old Prubhu Das, the domestic secretary, and the one male, save the Rajah, who was allowed access to this end of the palace. Prubhu Das was just behind the door, watching, and was therefore soon produced. He was a spare fleshless Hindu, clad in flowing robes over which he wore a long white coat. On his head was a slight black cap, from out of which had escaped the wiry grey top-knot, the sign occipital of his Brahminism ; and as he bowed and genuflected to the lady, this odd little termination bobbed in the most ludicrous way against the rest of his clean-shaven head. For you must know that Brahmins grow a capillary oasis there alone, where most Westerns are innutritive in old age.

"Your Honour," he said, "your Monstrosity, your Magniloquence, learned in the English Æsculapianisms ! in this poor house we, prince of the people, are your dusty slaves !" Here he paused, to leer deprecatingly and express facially his grovelling obsequiousness.

"Humph !" said Rebecca, "you

know English I suppose? Well then, this lady has nothing the matter with her which cannot be cured by bestirring herself. She is bilious,—that is all—the rest is imagination. Here is a tonic, and I have also noted directions as to diet, air, and exercise. These windows ought to be open, and all these howling women turned out. Do you hear?"

Prubhu Das was the most delightful pantomime possible. There he stood, slightly inclining forward, his hands clasped in agonised supplication, his eyes blinking twenty to the second, and at every few words spoken he jerked his head towards the doctor, opening his mouth in a gape which was meant to convey a combination of assent and astonishment. Then he spoke; the occasion was serious, and his speech matched it.

"Lady not diagnosticate good, right way. Ranee Sahib not bile; Ranee Sahib poison. You see old Mother Thekrani wear widow's cloth. She cobra-minded, breeze in her brain. She make poison ready. Cook sweetmeats, in sweetmeats hide poison. Ranee eat sweetmeat, now sick, to-morrow die. Rajah Sahib carry her on litter, make her ashes. Mother Thekrani too much wicked. Doctor Lady give certificate, write Ranee Sahib die poison." He gasped, exhausted with such direct speaking, for his mind was tortuous and abhorred a straight line.

"Nonsense!" was the retort. "The lady is no more poisoned than I am when I eat too much dinner." But Prubhu Das's next move was more practical. The doctor was presented with a quantity of food alleged to have been eaten by the Ranee, neatly bottled and sealed in accordance with local police-instructions on the subject—what an amount of study those rules had cost the old man!—and, albeit denying any con-

nection between the food and the royal lady, Rebecca promised to investigate and report the next day. She chuckled gleefully as she carried off her prize; poisons were her special subject, and she had hardly dared to hope that an introduction to the Indian type would be so soon afforded her. The report she wrote before she slept, in the large chandelier-lighted drawing-room of the guest-house. It was brief enough; the food contained poison sufficient to have extinguished instantly the entire nine lives of the most vital cat. She added an unsolicited rider on the impossibility of the Ranee's having partaken of this concoction, and of the equal absurdity of connecting the Thekrani with any such deep-laid scheme. But the perspicuity of her arguments appealed not to the Durbar. There was poison in the food, so much was certain; therefore the old Thekrani (who had not even the most remote connection with the royal kitchen,) must be treated as a criminal at the domestic tribunal.

II.

Not far from Gower Street station, in a comparatively quiet corner of the city of London, stands a great block of modern red brick. You are back again in the haunts of civilisation now, and you press the button to summon the accustomed porter. He comes promptly, and you follow him up a flight of steps, which beam upon you in the unmistakeable cleanliness of English soap and water. "Miss Marion Mainwaring? This way, No. 17," says the stout custodian of the Women Students' Chambers, Chenies Street; and he retires with a salute, leaving you to your own resources.

It looks like a student's room, and a woman's. Prints of Rubens

and Nicolo Poussin, of Cuypp and William Hunt, of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, Madonnas and bacchanal orgies, Dutch sunsets and beggar-boys, hang, in impartial selection and appropriate setting, against the Morris-papered walls. One end of the room is lined with deep-browed tomes, of a scientific and medical aspect; a writing-table in the spacious bow-window betrays an air of recent requisition; softly-cushioned lounges invite to unstudious repose; within easy reach are picture-papers and the latest poem. The mantel-piece is laden with the pretty yellow jonquil; and a copper kettle is just beginning to simmer on the pleasantly crackling fire, beside which sits the tall, dark, strong-featured owner of these varied tastes. She reads sheets of closely written foreign paper, and you,—you creep behind her and look over her shoulder.

I.

Kathiawad, November, 1896.

WELL, MARION,

For all brainless, unjust atrocities commend me to sleek, globulous Rajahs of Indian principalities! You will remember the story of the poisoned comfits, and how excited I was at the possibility of investigating an Indian poison so early in my life here? I had such visions of collecting useful *data* for the old Octopian in the dear laboratory round which my affections still hover. But, alack, my pride is turned to remorse! The immediate result of my report is that they suspect a poor old widowed ex-Queen of an attempt to poison one of her grandson's wives, and she is expelled the palace, bereft of all that might, by any possibility, help her to keep herself in fairly decent comfort elsewhere. I expect the fact

was that the young Ranees disliked the old one, and plotted this device for ridding themselves of her supervision. They tell me she has taken refuge in the house of a former maid, and I mean to go and see her, and hear more of her history.

No! I have not plagued myself with vain regrets, as you'd have done: not, at least, after a quiet sane consideration of the matter. Why should I prick my fingers with the thorns which other people gather? You will know, however, that I did not omit my best persuasions with the Prince, useless as I could not help feeling they were at the time.

Meanwhile, to me personally the Rajah has been kindness itself. This is only a moderately sized State, and is not very remarkable for natural or artificial charms. The country round about is cotton-picking and flat. I rather liked seeing the small sparsely-clad children, (wearing nought but their hair, you know,) helping their mothers pick cotton under the bright Indian skies. But the cotton factories, with their tall unpicturesque chimneys, are an unpleasantly civilised suggestion. Among the arrangements planned for my amusement was a play by a strolling company. The palace has a theatre, but the night was so sultry that the performance transferred itself to an impromptu stage out in the open. 'Twas a strange unforgettable sight, lighted as it was by flaming torches, burning weirdly under the glowering sky. In the foreground sat the Rajah on his gemmed throne, richly jewelled and gaily robed; behind was a throng of fierce black-mustachioed attendants, and closing up round the royal personage an impenetrable guard. Even among his own people he is not safe. They say that at night he sleeps, literally, under drawn swords, two particularly trusty servitors keeping

guard, like angels with extended wings, at the head of his bed.

The stage-arrangements were rough enough, and the play in parts, I am told, quite impossible; but ignorance of the language stood me in stead of an expurgated edition. 'Twas a pantomimic skit on the administration of justice by the young civilian. A florid Englishman (the mask was really good) sits at a camp-table, holding his migratory court upon a criminal charged with murdering his wife. As he does not yet know the language he works through an interpreter.

MAGISTRATE. How old was your wife?

CRIMINAL. Ten years.

INTERPRETER. (*Knowing the minority of the victim will heighten the heinousness of the crime to a civilised mind.*) He says, Sir, she was an old woman, of some sixty-five years.

MAGISTRATE. An old woman! Where's the corpse?

INTERPRETER. Now burnt, some twelve months since your Honour's last visit to this Zillah. Prisoner keeping in gaol all the time. But ashes in Prisoner's wallet. Your Honour inspect?

MAGISTRATE. How old is the prisoner?

CRIMINAL. Twenty-five years.

INTERPRETER. (*Interpreting again to fit his own ideas of what is best.*) Prisoner same age as late corpse, your Honour, but looking very young. Vishnu God, salt preserve his life.

MAGISTRATE. (*Whose eyes are opened by this blatant falsehood.*) Hang the man,—to-morrow, five a.m.!

The moral of it all seems to be, when you do stoop to lying, take care that the lies have at least some semblance of plausibility.

The second half of the evening was devoted to conjuring tricks, at which local jugglers are really unsurpassable. I hear that these jugglers are a caste

by themselves, and are a most interesting people, clannish and unapproachable. To their own caste they are exceedingly kind. A juggler's portionless widow becomes the care of the whole community; his daughters are married at their joint expense, and his sons are taught the trade by the cleverest juggler among them. As a result, a woman is oftenest in best case when widowed. Is it not strange that this should happen in the country where widowhood has always been shown us in the saddest colours? Truly is this a land of anomalies!

But to return,—a custom you would have enjoyed, was the evening lamp-lighting. When the sun drops, the torch-bearers congregate at the palace-gates, and run in a body, bearing flaming pines in their hands, to salute, at the chief entrance to the palace, the reigning King. He is called by all the titles which his country, and the Empress, bestow upon him, and by all the high-sounding flatteries which the Eastern tongue and loyal subjects can devise. Then the chief torch-bearer lights the lamps in the entrance-hall, till which is done not a single spark must relieve the darkness of the palace. Should there be a Prince living in his own separate palace, the ceremony is repeated for him. It was all so strange and oriental, I think it is one of my nicest memories of this place.

I hear I may visit the old Thekrani to-morrow, so you shall have news of her when next I write.

P.S. What do the ladies do all day, you ask? Quarrel? No, they are too lethargic for any such activity. Most of them turn over and fondle their lovely jewels and silk garments. One Ranee has taken a violent passion for the concertina. She has about a hundred of them in all sizes, and by all makers, but refuses to be

taught how to handle the instrument in the conventional way. As she is energetic about playing, you can imagine the consequence. I no longer wonder that about half a mile divides the King's apartments from the *zenana*.

II.

Kathiawad, December, 1896.

OH, MY DEAR MARION,

Such a hovel it is which houses the poor old Thekrani! A great gateway, built for offence and defence, does indeed frown threateningly at the public road, and is officered by a custodian equally forbidding and imposing. But, oh the sordid poverty behind the wicket! Two small rooms are all the house contains. In one live the maid and her family, all devoted to the Thekrani and counting themselves happy to be serving her; the other is at the Thekrani's own disposal, but she lives mostly on the little verandah. Here I found her, dressed in a spotless white cloth, seated on the floor, poring, with the bedimmed vision of her eighty-four years, over an illumined Sanskrit text. The little grey squirrels ran about her unabashed, hiding in the folds of her draperies, and perching on her shoulder,—a striking contrast! But, ough!—the mice ran about too, equally privileged, and you will understand how apprehensive these made me feel. In the yard just beyond are tethered the great unsightly buffaloes, and the dwarfed Indian cows, which provide not only the chief food, but also the only income of the small household. The incarnate pathos of it rises to your mind as you look at the old woman! I wish one could help her. She takes things with a large equanimity however, saying, as they all say in this country, "It is my fate!"

Her jewels have long since been transmuted into coin, one beautiful uncut diamond alone remaining. Should nothing else happen to help her, she will use this to accomplish the final journey of her life. It is such an odd idea. When she feels death near, (her horoscope will date the feeling,) she will start, however feeble, on a pilgrimage to the sacred Ganges, which, you must know, is many hundred miles distant from this place. She will take with her the ashes of her son and daughter, having vowed that these should mingle with the sacred fluid. "If I reach the Ganges," she explained, "after throwing in these two little bags, and saying the necessary prayers, I will lay me down on the bank and die. Subibree, my faithful maid, will see that all that is necessary is done for my poor frame. This alone is now my care in life."

Of the Rajah she speaks with difficulty. Yet she did tell me how he wrested from her all her possessions, and indeed he still withholds her allowance, month by month, as it falls due. But she is quite sure that, with the gods, there will be retribution for him, and she wastes no human vengeance.

Her ejection from the palace must have been picturesque. It was intended that this should be a final translation; and to this end, with some show of an attempt at reconciliation, was sent her the loveliest of garments. But the old maid, skilled in the poisons of native States, warned her, only just in time, that to wear it would be to prepare her body against cremation. I have a piece of it now, a valued possession. Failing fraud, they had recourse to force. Imagine it all! The breathless, dark night; the swift stealthy steps of the harridan, as she comes to bind her victim, preventing all possible outcry by a tent-peg

wedged in between the poor toothless jaws; the noiseless race (tyranny against helplessness!) through the deserted streets; the secretive palanquin revealing nothing concerning its burden—and, finally the ruthless desertion outside the city-gates! Here she would have fared very badly indeed, but that a kind-hearted palanquin-bearer had given up his place at the poles to the ubiquitous maid, who took her to the house where I found her. . . . And to think that all this time the Rajah was entertaining me, to lull my suspicions and keep me off enquiry! I *am* an oaf, and could weep with vexation!

III.

Kathiawad, May, 1897.

Do you remember the old Thekrani, and her pitiful story? I have just heard that a few months after I said good-bye to her, she felt the death-call, and went her pilgrimage. Her vitality lasted the distance of the sacred river, and she omitted nothing of all she had vowed. But that was a week ago, and she lies in a trance now on the treeless sand-banks, responsive to neither the fierce sun by day, nor the brilliant stars by night. Can't you see it all? And the eternal river flows by, cold, majestic, unheeding!

CORNELIA SORABJI.

WESTERN SCOUTS.

THAT good scouting is a chief factor of success in warfare is a maxim of tacticians, the truth of which must be obvious to the most superficial student of military history. In the American civil war, in the struggle between Prussia and Austria and its necessary sequel the Franco-German war, and in the war between Russia and Turkey, it happened again and again that great battles were won or lost according as the preliminary work of reconnaissance by the scouts on either side was well or badly done. Lee and Stonewall Jackson owed many of their astounding successes to the far greater efficiency of their scouts, of whom the Georgian mountaineers were the best. But for the exploit of a single Silesian patrol, who discovered the Austrian army in an unexpected position, the victory of Sadowa might never have been achieved. Again in the Franco-German war a whole French army-corps was discovered in the air,—unsupported, that is to say, and out of touch with the rest of the French forces—by two Uhlands, and, acting on the information they brought in, Von Moltke, sitting spider-like among his telegraph-wires forty miles away, was able to surround and utterly destroy it at a very small cost. And but for the gross neglect of scouting by his subordinate officers Osman Pasha would never have had his lines of communication cut by the Russians or have been compelled to sit down at Plevna; and, inasmuch as he was by far the ablest general on either side, the whole issue of the campaign might have been materially changed.

But if scouting was a matter of vital importance even in the days of the needle-gun, it is ten times more so in this age of Mauser rifles, Creusot cannon, and smokeless powder. For the future, to attack a prepared position that has not been reconnoitred from all possible points of view is to run the risk of a catastrophe which, even if it does not utterly destroy the attacking force, may yet so shatter the self-confidence of the men and so weaken their trust in the commanding officer as to render it useless for the time being. So that it is certain, not only that the scout will be more of a personage in our army than he has been in the near past, but that our officers will be taught the vital importance of using him properly. For, after all, the scout has to obey instructions and, if those instructions are vaguely worded or omitted altogether, all his gifts, natural and acquired, must be wasted.

In spite of the high price we have had to pay in the present war for learning, or rather re-learning this lesson in tactics, we may yet congratulate ourselves on the fact that the good scout is so valuable. In the first place the average Englishman, thanks to his love of open-air sports such as cricket and hunting, is more easily trained to scout than a man of any other nationality. Secondly, we have in our colonies any number of men who are already highly trained for the work. South African rangers of the *veld*, who have spent their lives hunting or being hunted by the children of Ham and other big game; members of the Australian constabu-

laries, who can run down the black man and feel their way through the Land of Nothingness which lies at the back of the settlements; New Zealand patrol-riders, who can be trusted to find the Maori cattle-thief even when he has taken sanctuary in the mountains—how many such could be mastered in our hour of need? And then there are the Canadian scouts, more especially the famous prairie-detectives from the West, who are in some respects the best of all. I have the pleasure of being personally acquainted with several of these men and have had many opportunities of studying their methods; and I may therefore perhaps be allowed to speak in this matter with some little measure of authority.

It is not surprising that the man who is, or has been, a member of the North-West Mounted Police should be a first-rate scout; for when he goes man-hunting the quarry is generally an Indian, of all featherless bipeds the subtlest in evasion. The Boer is his equal in ingenuity of contrivance, the Australian native has as much (perhaps even more) of his instinct for locality, and the Bhil has as good an eye for cover; all things considered, however, and by the unanimous consent of men who speak from a wide experience, the Indian is the hardest to catch. When he travels on foot (and he generally prefers to do so because a mounted man is so easily seen on the high prairies) he can always make sixty or seventy miles a day, or even more if it is the snow-shoeing season. Though he cannot journey without leaving a trail behind him,—no living creature but a bird can dispense with that hastily-scribbled itinerary—he is careful to make it as difficult to read as he can. He will run backwards, taking flying leaps on this side and that, and tramp for long distances through

living water. He understands the use of a badger's or gopher's hole as a help to hearing the far-off tread of an approaching patrol. He never camps except in a hollow so that the figures of his enemies, should they come on him by night, shall show up against the ever-gleaming north-western sky. He sleeps, as the saying is, with his soul coiled like a rattle-snake; even if you see him with eyes close-shut you may be sure his ears are wide-open. He never omits to notice the most distant and infinitesimal flash of sunlight from a policeman's accoutrements, and the flight of startled birds never escapes his attention, for he has eyes that can take in the whole of a landscape at a glance. To find a needle in a haystack or to catch a weasel asleep,—these are simple tricks compared with the tracking of an Indian thief. Hunting Indians, therefore, is the finest practice in the world for a scout.

Colonel Steele's fame as a master of the art of scouting has long since been established not only in Canada but also in the Western States; and his appointment to command Strathcona's Horse was extremely popular. For not only is he a famous scout, but like all good captains, he has the knack of getting the last ounce of work out of his men without causing them to grumble.

To his extensive and peculiar knowledge of Indian languages, customs, and character Colonel Steele owed many of his successes as a scout. His genius in this respect may be compared with that of the late Sir Richard Burton, for he could assume at need the bearing and speech of any sort of North-Western Indian, Cree, Blackfoot, Sioux, or Chinook. No officer of the North-Western Mounted Police was ever more successful in planning the capture of Indian out-

laws; for his knowledge of the character of the man who was wanted in any particular case and his wonderful memory for places enabled him to guess what the outlaw would do and where he would go. There are certain places,—ancient battle-fields, for instance—where no Indian will venture, and all such spots were marked on the Colonel's map of the North-West, which he carried, not in his pocket but, in his head. Then, again, there are localities which Indians of some one tribe will not visit on any consideration; such, for instance, is the tract of broken sandy country known as the Cypress Hills, which is carefully avoided by the Blackfeet who think it is inhabited by the ghosts of all the men they have killed in their raids. It was his knowledge of their thousand and one superstitions (of which I have given but two instances) which enabled Colonel Steele to track Indian horse-thieves and murderers with such sureness and celerity.

In the rebellion of 1885 Colonel Steele commanded a body of mounted infantry, and to him it is chiefly due that more Indians did not join Riel. At Frenchman's Butte he came upon a party of Indians entrenched in a bluff a mile long, and having personally reconnoitred their position after sunset he discovered that pitfalls had been dug in front of the bluff and runways cut through the undergrowth, so that a frontal attack was bound to result in a great loss of life. Accordingly he executed a clever and very difficult flanking-movement without attracting the attention of his watchful opponents, and in the early dawn was in such a position that he could have destroyed the whole force. But General Middleton, distrusting the stability of the Colonials, forbade him to attack, and a golden opportunity was thus lost.

In 1885 the mutual distrust of the British and Canadian officers was painfully obvious, and might have led to serious consequences.

On another occasion in the same war Colonel Steele put an end to a very bad panic. Late one moonlit night a shot was heard in the lines, and on enquiry it turned out to have been fired by a sentry who asserted that he had seen an Indian riding past. Steele examined the ground and could find no tracks, but under a certain tree he found a chip of bark which had been recently knocked off. Further search discovered a bullet-hole about twelve feet up the trunk, whereupon the sentry,—a good marksman but a bad soldier—confessed that he had accidentally fired off his rifle, and the little army went to sleep again. The sentry was presented with a piece of the Colonel's mind, and also with three months in the nearest guard-room.

The Western saying that "It takes a man *and* a horse to make a scout" is by many attributed to Colonel Steele. Possibly it is one of those many pieces of prairie-craft which are put to the credit of the popular hero for the time being. There is, however, much wholesome truth in the maxim; for there are many occasions when a scout, by observing the behaviour of his horse, may receive warning of the presence of an unseen somebody for whom he is looking or not looking, as the case may be. This is more particularly true at night, when the approach of a stranger invariably causes horses to become restless and uneasy. Again, if you are lost and cannot safely attract the attention of your friends (for to make a fire would also notify other people of your whereabouts), nine times in ten if you let your horse have his own way and do not bother him with suggestions, he will take you home to your last

camping-place. Many stories are told in the West of the valuable information given to his rider by the half-wild Western *broncho*, whose sense of scent and homing instinct are naturally far more acute than those of an English horse reared in a thickly settled country and used to stable-life. Indeed it is hard to avoid believing that the poet's homespun lines,—

Up-wind I travel whenso'er I may,
Because old Tanglelegs most any day
Can smell a manly man two miles
away—

do not contain a residuum of fact remarkably useful to scouts.

Next to Colonel Steele Sergeant-Major Parker, also of the North-West Mounted Police (now in South Africa as quartermaster of Strathcona's Horse) is regarded as the best of the Western scouts. The son of an old Cambridge cricketer he started in life with two very good qualifications, namely a cricketer's eye and a decided talent for acting. "Men who are actors," says General Baden-Powell, "generally make good scouts, being quick-witted." Parker enlisted in the Mounted Police a few weeks after the establishment of that force in 1873, and took part in Colonel French's famous march from Winnipeg across the high prairies to the Yankee whiskey-traders' settlements in the Bow River district. It was then that he had his first experience of how a force, even when marching through an open country, may be kept under observation day by day without knowing anything about it. In those days none of the Fort Garry hunters (who were mostly Crees or Cree half-castes) ever went beyond the Cypress Hills; for at that point the Blackfoot country began, and it was as much as a Cree's life was worth to enter the hunting-grounds of the Blackfeet, their hereditary enemies. When the little army

of three hundred policemen entered this country the Blackfoot scouts, though they were never once seen by the sentries, always reconnoitred the camp after night-fall. On several occasions it was proposed to stampede their horses and then cut up the force, but the Blackfoot chiefs forbade this because they had heard that in bygone years "the men in red had fought with the men in blue." United States Cavalry, with whom the Blackfeet were always fighting in Montana, wore blue; though a red uniform had never before been seen in their hunting-grounds, the Indians had heard from the *Saulteaux* (who originally lived in Eastern Canada) that their ancestors had helped red-coated warriors against the men of the United States; and so it came about that a dim memory of the war of 1812, and the hope that this war was to be renewed, caused the chiefs to hold their young men in check. "Had we lost our horses," said one of Colonel French's officers to me, "we could never have got out of that country alive." It was not until they had expelled the Yankee whiskey-traders from the remote corner of British territory which they infested that the Blackfeet showed themselves and made friends with the new-comers.

This was the first lesson in the art of scouting ever received by the North-West Mounted Police, who were at that time for the most part men without experience of prairie-life, or of the subtlety of Indian warfare.

Parker spent several years on outpost duty in the Blackfoot country, and at the end of that time the famous Crowfoot admitted that there was no better hunter (whether of buffalo or of men) in all the nations of the Plain Indians. He was then transferred to the Edmonton district, where he soon became famous as a

Sherlock Holmes of the North-West. At that time a vast amount of whiskey was smuggled into the North-West Territories, and Edmonton was notoriously a centre of this trade. Several good men had tried to stop the traffic, but had failed owing to the exceedingly ingenious devices of the smugglers for evading the patrols. But Parker, thanks to his powers of tracking and knowledge of the Indian methods of signalling, soon proved himself too clever for these clever folk.

It was the custom of the smugglers in charge of a load of contraband to set out scouts (as a rule these were Cree Indians) to watch for the arrival of policemen and other enemies. If one of those scouts saw a patrol approaching he would signal by means of a hand-mirror (it is a curious fact that this sort of heliography was practised by the Indians a whole century ago) on a sunny day, or, if the weather was cloudy, by means of a fire. At night they would light fires, two or three of them in a line, and signal information by concealing and revealing these fires with blankets in accordance with a definite code, very much as the Kaffirs are reported to have signalled General Buller's movements on the Tugela to the enemy. Once the information that a patrol was approaching had been signalled (perhaps from five or six miles away, the patrol having been noticed crossing a wave of the prairie another five or six miles off), the men in charge of the whiskey would drive to the nearest bluff and hide it there; and when the patrol came up he would find two innocent travellers preparing a meal of tea, biscuit, and bacon, or setting camp for the night. As a rule there were two parties, each with a cart; so that if one was held up by a suspicious patrol, the other was able to get along with the

stuff. Then, again, in cases of emergency they would start a prairie-fire and escape under cover of the smoke. Also they made good use of certain rivers and creeks.

To begin with, Parker went about the work of catching these people in a less ostentatious way than his predecessors. He ordered his men to wear light-coloured clothes when scouting, and pointed out to them the advisability of never riding up over a stretch of rising ground, unless absolutely obliged. He taught them how to distinguish the tracks of a heavily-laden waggon from one that held but a light load or no load at all, and that the proper place to look for such circumstantial evidence was not a surveyed trail where travellers were frequent, but on the open prairie in the lower and damper portions, and through the strings of hay-meadows inside strips of bush. He also taught them to look for little flashes of light in the sky and the meaning of such things, and the Blackfoot methods of signalling by means of covering and uncovering fires. And he instructed each of them, whenever he came upon fresh wheel-tracks off the trails, to tie up his horse and follow them on foot.

As a result of these improved tactics the campaign against the Edmonton smugglers was soon attended with striking success. But for a long time their second line of communication (for whiskey-smugglers, like generals, find it highly advantageous to have two lines for supplies to come in) remained unsuspected and undiscovered, and as long as this was so the traffic could not be said to have been killed, though it was certainly scotched. But one day a strange fancy came into Parker's mind, and he went for a day's fishing. He did not catch any fish, for he spent the whole time

walking up-stream and examining the bank. And in one place he discovered the mark made by some rolling object, which he judged to have been a keg of whiskey escaped from the embrace of its owner. Then his suspicion that this river was used to float down half-filled kegs, or full kegs fastened to logs, hardened into certainty, and he returned to barracks a gladder and a wiser man. After which the Edmonton whiskey-smugglers either left the district or took to farming.

One very smart piece of man-hunting done by Parker was the capture of an escaped prisoner, named Nelson, three years ago. He was taking the man down to Regina from Prince Albert and had adorned him with a ball-and-chain for the trip; as, however, it was the height of a very hot summer and Parker is a very good-natured fellow, he had chosen the lightest ironmongery in stock. Nelson succeeded in jumping off the train and, being unhurt by the fall, started off up country at a good stiff pace. As soon as the train could be stopped, Parker jumped off also, and went in pursuit. Nelson was a young man of twenty; Parker nearer fifty than forty and (to put it politely) a few inches more round the chest than his quarry; so that the twelve pounds of cold iron in question was a fair handicap. Parker would have caught him in spite of his long start, but he happened to be wearing a heavy pair of cavalry boots, whereas Nelson had on moccasins. These boots had to be taken off, a thing not so easily done in a hurry; when at last they were off, Parker hurled them away with might and main, and though they could not hear, all the spectators on the train could see his expressions of disgust. This loss of time enabled Nelson to disappear, and it came to a matter of tracking down the fugitive

over an expanse of prairie so tough as hardly to take the impression of a horse-shoe, even when the wearer was galloping. But in the end, after many hours' careful work (in which a rancher's daughter helped him not a little) he found Nelson sleeping the sleep of the unjust in a clump of poplar-bush.

The Judge, before whom Nelson was brought next day for attempting to escape, opened the Court by asking Parker if he had found his boots. This was regarded as a beautiful piece of humour by those present, and since then Billy Parker has been called *Boots* by some of his acquaintances.

A-propos de bottes there is a very amusing tale told of a certain Ferris, an officer in the United States Cavalry, which illustrates not only the ingenuity of the American criminal, but also the value of a little common-sense on the part of his pursuers. This Ferris earned fame and a name, hunting down Indian horse-thieves and other scoundrels in Montana and Idaho. One Billy Meehan, a member of this ignoble army of Hoboes and Crooks, who practised as a general thief,—he would steal anything from a thoroughbred trotter down to an addled egg—in the vicinity of Helena on the Missouri, had the forethought to provide himself with a pair of cowhide boots of a very unusual and deceptive pattern. Accordingly, when a patrol under Ferris's command had chanced upon his line of retreat and followed it so swiftly that he was obliged to abandon his weary horse,—for a mounted man is too easily seen in that rolling prairie-country—and trust to his powers of walking, Billy was careful to cross a piece of soft ground in order that the deceptiveness of those unheard-of boots might come into play. Two hours after he had

passed, the men on patrol found the patch of mud, carefully examined the marks on it, and after a long and somewhat angry consultation had to confess they could make nothing of them. Just then Ferris rode up, and mildly rebuking them in strong language for their delay, proceeded to examine the tracks himself. His men had noticed with no little astonishment that all the marks seemed to be heelprints: they had even observed their disposal in pairs, each one opposite to the other; and they had come to the conclusion that the traveller had crossed and then re-crossed in his tracks. They had not, however, noticed that the distance between the two marks joining each pair was invariable, nor, if they had done so, would they have been able to guess the significance of that fact. But Ferris noticed it, and, having arrived at a certain conclusion, flung up his hand and roared with laughter. Then he sent two of his men to follow

the tracks in one direction and two others to follow them the other way; for though he could not tell, in spite of his brilliant guess at the truth, which was the correct line to take, common-sense told him that if one led from, the other led towards the fugitive's sanctuary. Once more the good old principle of *solvitur ambulando* proved effective logic, seeing that one of those two parties eventually discovered Billy Meehan sitting snugly in a clump of red willow about two miles away. That same evening he was taken to the jail at Helena, and there he remained for the next six years. His boots were purchased by an enterprising showman for four dollars, and were subsequently exhibited, together with a number of other relics of artists in crime, at the Chicago Exhibition. Is it, perhaps, unnecessary to inform the reader that they were constructed with heels at both ends.

E. B. OSBORN.

ENGLAND AND ITALY.

THE long Italian struggle for freedom, which went through three-quarters of the century, has a special interest for English people. How many of our great men had a part in it! Nelson, Palmerston, Gladstone, Byron, Shelley, the Brownings, Clough,—all did or said something, for good or bad, that lives in the history of the Italian Revolution; and the memory of what they said and did still helps to shape public opinion and influence the policy of nations.

We begin unluckily with one of those unfortunate episodes which make it difficult for us to throw stones at other nations. The story of Nelson's conduct at Naples in 1799 has been recently examined in the light of abundant evidence (some of which has only lately come to light) by the Marquis Maresca and Professor Villari in Italy, and, most thoroughly perhaps of all, by Mr. Badham in England. Captain Mahan has gallantly attempted his defence, but he has neglected half the evidence and hardly dealt fairly with the rest, and his breezy championship suggests more dash than science. The story is shortly this. Early in 1799 the French drove the Bourbons out of Naples, and forced them to take refuge in Sicily under the protection of the British fleet. A few months later a counter-revolution broke out in Calabria, and the Bourbon Court sent Cardinal Ruffo to take charge of it. So successful were Ruffo's half-savage fanatics, with the help of a small Russian and Turkish contingent, that by the beginning of June they had driven back the French to

Naples. The *lazzaroni* of the city were as loyalist as the Calabrian brigands, and the French, knowing how small were their chances of successful resistance, withdrew most of the garrison, leaving a small detachment of their own men in the Castel Sant' Elmo, while the Neapolitan Republicans held two other forts. Ruffo was eager to come to terms, for his ruffians had already massacred several hundreds of the citizens, and he was in a hurry to send them home. On June 20th he signed a capitulation with the Republicans, which was countersigned by the Turkish and Russian commanders and Foote, the senior British officer present. The two garrisons were to leave the forts with the honours of war, and those who wished it were promised a free passage to Marseilles. The forts were surrendered, and the English prisoners in them released. Perhaps some of the Republicans had already embarked, when four days later Nelson, who had been stationed with the fleet at Palermo, arrived, bringing Sir William and Lady Hamilton with him. He had already heard of what he called the infamous armistice, and he at once repudiated it, announcing that he would not allow the garrisons to embark and that they must "surrender to his (Sicilian) Majesty's royal mercy." Ruffo angrily remonstrated: the Russian and Turkish commanders protested against so "abominable an outrage against public faith"; and on the 26th Nelson, impressed by Ruffo's persistency and his threat to restore the

status quo, authorised Hamilton to assure the Cardinal that he was resolved to do nothing which could break the armistice, and that he would allow the garrisons to embark. In Hamilton's mind at all events, and almost certainly in Nelson's, the message was a deliberate trick to tide over the difficulty and avoid a rupture with Ruffo till Nelson could hear from King Ferdinand. On the 28th letters came from the Sicilian Court, instructing Nelson to grant no conditions to the rebels. "A severity exact, prompt, just," wrote the Queen to Lady Hamilton; "the same for the women and that without pity. There is no need of a Council to try them. My dear Miladi, recommend Lord Nelson to treat Naples as if it were a rebel town in Ireland." Nelson at once threw over his promise to Ruffo. The vessels containing the Republicans, which were waiting outside the harbour, were brought back and anchored under the guns of the fleet; the leaders were seized and taken on board the English ships; Admiral Carracciolo, a man of fine character, who, like many of his fellow-nobles, had abandoned a cowardly King to save Naples from anarchy, was tried next day by a drum-head court-martial, and hanged in the evening. A hundred of the Republicans were executed to glut the vengeance of the Bourbon Court.

It is impossible to justify Nelson's conduct. In the light of recently discovered evidence Marquis Maresca, our chief authority on the matter, has been obliged to give up his earlier belief that no trick was intended. In Nelson's defence it has been said that Ruffo had no power to conclude the capitulation, but the Cardinal's instructions were so general, and as regards an amnesty so contradictory, that it is impossible to hold that he exceeded his powers. At all events

the capitulation had been concluded, the faith of three Powers was pledged to it, and at least, if it were broken, the obviously right course was to restore the *status quo*. Captain Mahan has tried to distinguish between an armistice which Nelson accepted, and a treaty which he did not, but it is clear that no such quibble was present to Nelson's own mind. The most that can be said for him is that, in Captain Mahan's words, he was "steeped in the atmosphere of the Court of Naples," and regarded the Republicans as outside the pale of justice; and that he was under the sinister influence of Lady Hamilton, the bosom-friend of the evil Bourbon Queen, the woman who gloated over the death of the noble Carracciolo and kissed a Turkish sword that had Republican blood upon it.

The Italians have never forgotten Carracciolo's murder, and England did nothing to redeem her good name with them for many years after. At the time of Napoleon's fall Castlereagh readily endorsed the treacherous policy that won the Italians to the side of the Allies by promises of freedom, and then threw them over when their help was needed no more. In his own frank words, the Allies "were justified in running all risks, while they had to drive the French out of Italy"; but when Lord William Bentinck, his agent in North Italy, took him seriously and promised the Genoese their old liberties, he repudiated him without compunction. He told the Lombard Liberals that "constitutions are expensive experiments": he did not wish to see Austria too powerful in Italy, but he looked on, while she tried to paralyse Piedmont at the Congress of Vienna; and though England was pledged to protect the Sicilian constitution, he made hardly

a protest when King Ferdinand practically destroyed it.

Hitherto there had been no opportunity for the English Whigs to come into touch with Italy. But after the peace the English began to travel there again. Hobhouse and Brougham and Southey talked romanticism in the *salons* of Milan. Shelley wrote odes on the Neapolitan Revolution. Byron joined the Carbonari, thought the liberation of Italy "the very poetry of politics," and stored his house with arms for a rising that never took place. It would be, he said quite seriously, "the most interesting spectacle in existence to see the Italians sending the barbarians of all nations back to their dens." The Austrian police were in a normal frenzy of suspicion, because English travellers dropped tracts behind them and English pedlars hawked copies of the Bible. The Italians naturally began to look to England for sympathy; they translated with indiscriminating admiration Byron and Scott, Ossian and Mrs. Radcliffe; they watched the proceedings of the British Parliament; they founded the *ANTOLOGIA REVIEW* in imitation of *THE EDINBURGH*. Some sanguine Carbonari wanted to offer a dictatorship to the Duke of Wellington.

After the failure of the revolutions of 1820-21 the refugees flocked into England, and a Committee was formed, on which Hume and Whitbread sat, to relieve their distress. Santa Rosa, the noble-hearted leader of the Piedmontese revolt, came to teach languages at Nottingham, till the Greek War of Liberation drew him to meet a hero's death at Sphacteria. The Neapolitan patriot Gabriel Rossetti found an asylum, which his children made their native land. Antonio Panizzi found work at the British Museum, and rose, as

everybody knows, to be one of its most distinguished librarians.

A greater exile arrived in 1837. Mazzini, banished from Switzerland, came to live in Goodge Street with the two Ruffinis. Both the Ruffinis, by the way, became more or less known here. Agostino, said to be the Sperano of Mrs. Gaskell's *ROUND THE SOFA*, became a professor at Edinburgh. Giovanni wrote in English those charming stories, *DOCTOR ANTONIO* and *LORENZO BENONI*, which, strange to say, have only in comparatively recent years found an Italian translator. Mazzini's peevishness soon drove them from him, and the great revolutionist was left, to use his own words, "solitary, unfriended, lost in a great crowd of unknown men, in a land where poverty, particularly in a stranger, is a reason for a distrust that is often unjust and always cruel." He pawned his mementoes of his mother, his clothes; he borrowed money at forty per cent. from loan-societies, "which rob the needy of his last drop of blood." London after the Alps was a purgatory to him; he could not visit the museums because he could not afford the fees. He was "poor, poor, poor," and it was some months before he managed to earn a little by contributing to the English reviews. At last *THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW* published his brilliant essay on the literary movement in Italy, and *THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN QUARTERLY* one on Victor Hugo. Gradually he found that "English friendships are slow to form, but are more sincere and lasting than in other countries." England became "almost a second country" to him. The Carlyles, Mill, the Howitts, W. Shaen, Joseph Cowen, Stansfeld, and G. J. Holyoake became his warm friends. Carlyle recognised him as "a most valiant,

faithful, considerably gifted and noble soul," but despised "his Republicanism, his 'Progress,' and other Rousseau fanaticisms." Margaret Fuller has left a picture of an evening spent with the Carlyles, at which Mazzini vainly tried to turn the talk to "progress and ideal subjects," and his host abused his "rose-water imbecilities." "And yet this idealist has conquered," Carlyle acknowledged in after-life; "he has transformed his utopia into a patent and potent reality." With the help of his friends Mazzini was soon busy enough. He discovered Foscolo's commentary on the *INFERNO* in a bundle of rubbish at Pickering the bookseller's, and when he could "neither buy nor steal it," he cursed "Pickering's bookseller-soul, manuscript, and shop," till Rolandi, the Italian bookseller, raised a subscription to buy it, and Mazzini undertook to complete Foscolo's work by collating texts for the *PURGATORIO* and *PARADISO*, Rolandi publishing the edition in 1842. He began to pick up the broken threads of Italian conspiracy; he published the *APOSTOLATO POPOLARE*, in which appeared the earlier chapters of his best-known essay, *THE DUTIES OF MAN*. He started a society for the protection of Italian organ-boys, who were brought to England by "the white slave-trade," and founded a school for Italians in Greville Street, Hatton Garden, which, so long as Mazzini could look after it, flourished in spite of the angry opposition of the priests at the Sardinian Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Meanwhile two Englishmen had in very different ways been playing a secondary part in Italian politics. Thomas Ward was a Yorkshire groom, who came into the service of the Duke of Lucca, Giusti's "Protestant Don Juan," who became a Protestant and then reverted to Catholicism,

apparently for the pure fun of it. The Duke was as incompetent a man as ever sat on a throne, and it seemed a part of his freakishness when he made his valet prime-minister. But Ward had a good fund of Yorkshire common-sense. He took care indeed to feather his own nest, but he did what he could to keep his ducal master out of scrapes, and was probably not a bad administrator. Under the rule of Charles Louis's son, Charles the Third of Parma, who flogged his people till in sheer desperation they assassinated him, Ward became Parmesan minister at Vienna and took his small place in the diplomatic world, always faithful to the ducal brute he served, a valet always, but one of quite genuine stuff. Palmerston is said to have called him one of the most remarkable men of the age.

Quite another man was Sir John Bowring. Both in front of the scenes and behind them Bowring played a part of rare many-sidedness. He was a linguist and philologist of note, the friend of Bentham, the first editor of *THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW*; the Treasury owes some of its reforms to him; his reports to Parliament did much to pave the way for Free Trade; he got the florin introduced as a step to a decimal coinage. Later in life he was governor of Hong Kong, and it was his high-handed action in the Arrow incident that led to Palmerston's defeat in 1856. So cosmopolitan a man could not leave Italy out of his ken. His blue-book on Italian statistics remains our best authority on Italian trade and finance in the Forties; and in connection with Carlo Luciano Bonaparte (son of Napoleon's brother Lucien) he helped to found the Scientific Congresses which make an eventful chapter in the history of the Italian revival.

When the Nationalist movement

came to a head with Pio Nono's accession, we find several Englishmen and Irishmen more or less in evidence. O'Connell dies at Genoa on his way to Rome, and his funeral is the signal for Nationalist demonstrations. Cobden has a sort of triumphal progress through Italy, everywhere feted by the Liberals and Free-traders, who make patriotic speeches at the banquets in his honour and use them as mild threats to the Protectionist and Reactionary governments. But Cobden did not look very kindly on a movement which took its stand on the principle of nationality, and meant inevitable war. When shown over the Piedmontese arsenals, he remarked "in a few years all this will be stuff for a museum;" but he showed his fine eye for character when he noted Cavour, then barely recognised in his own country, as the ablest man he knew. Another English Liberal, Lord Minto, is sent on a rambling diplomatic mission, in which he does not appear to have greatly distinguished himself, assiduously preaches peace where there is no peace, lectures Charles Albert with true British superiority, tells Ciceruacchio, the Roman popular leader, that he is like Horatius, and finally makes an honourable attempt to reconcile the revolted Sicilians to the King of Naples. A General Nugent (one apparently of the Irish family that played a big part in Austrian history) appears in the Austrian army and is killed before Brescia, with his last breath bequeathing his fortune to the hapless city, which his brutal fellow-general, Haynau, was bombarding. Mr. George Meredith, Mrs. Browning, and Clough are eye-witnesses of the movement. To the former we owe the most vivid description we have of the Five Days of Milan. Mrs. Browning, in her *CASA GUIDI WINDOWS*, describes the great demonstration at Florence,

when the Tuscans picked up the gauntlet that Metternich threw down by the occupation of Ferrara. Clough is in Rome during the French siege, complains of the travesty of Roman affairs given by *THE TIMES* and *DÉBATS* ("they do lie, indeed!"), recognises the nobility of Mazzini's character, and laments the fate of the short-lived Republic he governed so well.

—I, nevertheless, let me say it,
 Could in my soul of souls, this day,
 with the Gaul at the gates shed
 One true tear for thee, thou poor little
 Roman Republic;
 What with the German restored, with
 Sicily safe to the Bourbon,
 Not leave one poor corner for native
 Italian exertion?
 France, it is foully done! and you, poor
 foolish England,
 You, who a twelvemonth ago said
 nations must choose for themselves,
 you
 Could not of course interfere.

Now for the first time since the Congress of Vienna, English diplomacy paid serious attention to Italy. Palmerston's policy was excellent in its intentions, but it can hardly be called successful. He was always more or less distracted between two incompatible things, his wish to preserve peace, and his anxiety to see Italy free. When war broke out, he was eager to see Austria expelled from the peninsula, and so uncompromising indeed was he for a moment in the summer of 1848 that he secured the rejection of the Austrian overtures, which would have allowed Piedmont to take Lombardy at the price of sacrificing Venetia. Wiser than Napoleon the Third eleven years later, he knew that to give the one to Italy and refuse the other only meant another war some day. The net result, however, of his policy was almost unredeemed failure. No doubt his position was a difficult one; his hands were tied by his colleagues, and

England was not prepared to go beyond a platonic friendship for Italy. The selfish and dishonest policy of the Second Republic prevented any real understanding with France. And so he fell back on scolding and bluster, sometimes almost threatened Austria with war, but always gave way when he found her determined; and though he generally did more than he promised, he abandoned the brave defenders of Rome and Venice with the superior scorn that regards ideals as troublesome chimeras.

A special reference is needed to English policy in Sicily. During the Napoleonic wars Sicily was practically an English protectorate. Lord William Bentinck was the real ruler of the island, and used his power well, so well that Castlereagh censured him for encouraging democratic sentiment, "which certainly is neither acceptable to England nor to myself." Bentinck forced the King to grant a reformed constitution on English models, and when Ferdinand intrigued against the new order, he practically deposed him and made the restless, unscrupulous Queen leave the island. He remains in the memory of the Sicilians as the modern William the Good, and when his wise, strong hand was removed after the peace, they sorely missed it. The belief in an English protectorate lingered long, and after the revolution of 1848 there was a considerable party for it in the island. Palmerston would not listen to the suggestion, but he used all his diplomacy to save Sicilian independence. Some of his cabinet wished to send the fleet to defend the island from Bourbon attack, and Palmerston secretly supplied the insurgents with arms, just as the Duke of Grafton had done for Paoli eighty years before. Greville tells us of the hubbub that his action made in governmental circles.

English sympathy for Italy was stronger than ever after the misfortunes of 1849. The Society of the Friends of Italy was founded in 1851. Its objects were to make Italian affairs better known in England, to obtain an expression of national opinion in favour of Italy, and influence the actions of the British government. Peter Taylor was its treasurer, David Masson its secretary; and on the Council we find the names of Stansfeld, W. E. Forster, J. A. Froude, G. H. Lewis, Joseph Cowen, George Dawson. English travellers, Mr. Gladstone, Nassau-Senior, Lord Minto, returned from Piedmont full of praise of the gallant little State. Panizzi made a confidential channel between the Italian Nationalists and the Cabinet, and in it Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Gladstone were warm friends of Italy. When Piedmont defied Rome by passing the Siccardi Laws, Protestant opinion was keenly stirred, and Cavour, when he came to power, took care to be in close touch with Exeter Hall. Mr. Gladstone's letters on the State-trials at Naples reached eleven editions in the year, and King Bomba became a bye-word. Marshal Haynau, the "butcher of Brescia," when on a visit to Barclay's brewery at Southwark, found himself mobbed and hustled by the honest draymen.

D'Azeglio and Cavour utilised English opinion to the full. D'Azeglio's fame in England rose to a point altogether beyond its merit, and it was probably this prestige that kept the diletante Premier in office long after everyone in Piedmont was sighing to see him replaced by Cavour. Cavour himself knew England pretty well. He had travelled a good deal there in his youth, had carefully studied English politics, and had written on Ireland. Peel was one of his avowed models; Canning, he said,

had he lived, would have changed the face of Europe. He was as much an Anglomaniac as his clear common-sense would allow him to be, and it was the key-note of his policy to secure the friendship of France and England. In winning the latter he was bravely helped by Hudson, Disraeli's "hurried Hudson," who was minister at Turin for twelve eventful years, "more Italian than the Italians themselves," said Lord Malmesbury, and indeed he made English diplomacy do its best for the land he loved so well. Out of all this came the treaty that sent a Piedmontese contingent to fight by the side of the English and French in the Crimea. The Allies had the best of the bargain, and Piedmont got nothing but the honour of helping the two Western Powers. But it was not quite an empty honour, for it morally pledged England and France to support her. After the fall of Sebastopol Cavour and Victor Emmanuel visited England. The King's coarse, vulgar manners made a sensation at the English Court, but he had a great ovation from the public, and considerably to his surprise found himself hailed as the patron of a new Reformation. As Greville says, he was "a great hero with Exeter Hall." At the Congress of Paris Clarendon warmly backed Cavour, and ran a tilt at the scandals of the Papal and Neapolitan governments "like a charge of the Light Brigade." England would do nothing to endanger her friendship with Austria, but she was ready to bring pressure to bear at Rome and Naples. Palmerston was nearly persuaded to let the Anglo-Italian Legion land in Sicily on its way home from the Crimea, to head a new struggle for freedom. A year or two later Panizzi and Hudson concerted a plan with some Italian patriots to buy a steamer, and forcibly

release the Neapolitan political prisoners; and extraordinary as it seems, it is probable that Palmerston, with his usual indifference to diplomatic etiquette, knew of the proposed raid and connived at it. No wonder that his own colleagues and the Court were always on tenterhooks as to what he might do next.

The Italians did well, though, to value his sturdy friendship, and they felt the difference when the Derby Cabinet came into office. In the summer of 1859, in the midst of the campaign of Magenta and Solferino, Palmerston was back in power again with Lord John Russell for his Foreign Secretary. All through the long tangle of negotiation that followed Villafranca, Lord John Russell strenuously backed the Italian claims, protesting indignantly against the attempt "to dispose of the Tuscans and Modenese as if they were so many firkins of butter," eagerly supporting Napoleon in his pro-Italian moods, and pricking him on when he tried to hang back. Had he and Palmerston had their way, they would have made an Anglo-French alliance in defence of Italian interests. But suddenly the news leaked out that Savoy and Nice were ceded to France. Perhaps Palmerston already knew of it and was inclined to agree to it; but at all events he joined in the outcry, so universal and so foolish, at this latest Napoleonic stroke. The Anglo-French understanding snapped, and the country thought more of arming the volunteers against a possible French invasion than of helping Italy. Still both country and government were friendly to her. The Ashursts collected funds for Garibaldi's expedition. Some English volunteers sailed to help him, and if the Italian accounts are to be trusted, they proved a brawling, pilfering lot, who nearly shot the King by accident.

Russell openly encouraged the Piedmontese to annex Papal territory and Naples. And small as is the debt to England compared with what Italy owes to France, at all events our sympathy was more single-hearted, and perhaps without it Italian Unity could not have been.

It was too lukewarm, however, for Mrs. Browning. We can at all events claim that an Englishwoman was the poet of the movement that made a united Italy. Mrs. Browning's *POEMS BEFORE CONGRESS*, apart from their literary merits, have a real historical value. If she saw one side only of Louis Napoleon's character, at all events she understood that side as few of her contemporaries did. She recognised the political idealist with his magnificent schemes of European reconstruction, the Don Quixote of nationality, whose visions terrified the despots of Europe. If she did not see the shuffler, the double-dealer, the coward, there were plenty who saw nothing else in him and were still further from the truth. There was nothing of the heroic in Lord John Russell's policy, and Mrs. Browning had little respect for its patience and comparative boldness.

I cry aloud in my poet-passion,
Viewing my England o'er land and
sea,
I loved her more in her ancient fashion :
She carries her rifles too thick for
me,
Who spares them so in the cause of a
brother.

After 1860 the diplomatic relations of the two countries become comparatively uninteresting. The Palmerston Cabinet was true to its old policy of friendliness to Italy, but, apart perhaps from its impetuous chief, wanted above all to keep the peace. It wished Italy to gain Rome, but

had no policy beyond the curious attempt to persuade the Pope to abandon Rome for Malta. Venetia, it hoped, might go to Italy by persuading Austria to exchange the province for Bosnia or Roumania; and at the time of the Polish troubles of 1863 Lord John Russell seems to have thought that some possible reconstruction of the map would allow Austria to bargain Venice for Warsaw. The chief link between England and Italy in these years lay in the enthusiasm for Garibaldi. When he lay wounded at Pisa after that mad attempt to march to Rome that ended at Aspromonte, a penny subscription for him in England produced, it is said, over £1,000. Two years later (in 1864) Garibaldi came on a visit to England. The quidnuncs saw mysterious purposes in his visit, but probably he had no other object than to please the many English friends who had invited him. Hitherto Palmerston had tried to prevent his coming; he was afraid that Louis Napoleon would take umbrage at it, and he feared too that Garibaldi's tour might become the occasion of Radical demonstrations. At last he gave his permission on condition that certain men of position made themselves responsible for his discreet conduct. Among those who organised the welcome were Lord Shaftesbury, Joseph Cowen, Peter Taylor, Stansfeld, and Panizzi. Mr. Seeley and the Duke of Sutherland were to be his hosts, and as his biographer says, keep him "in a kind of quarantine." Garibaldi, however, once in England, intended to put his visit to some use. Sometimes he thought of arming English privateers to fight for the Danes; sometimes he dreamed of getting English countenance for an expedition to Greece or Poland, or for another attempt to win Venice. Any mad scheme that promised a pin-prick to

Austria found ready admission to his chaotic brain. He had a reception in England worthy of his fame. London lost its head, and gave him a triumphal procession from Nine Elms to Stafford House. His private secretary records with melancholy interest the letters he wrote in answer to requests for Garibaldi's autograph or locks of his hair; and a Wellingtonia, which he planted in Tennyson's garden, was found stripped of its leaves by his devotees. But the Government soon got frightened. Garibaldi had had a friendly meeting with Mazzini and Herzen; he had visited Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc; Whigs and Tories began to wonder what would be the end of the ovations to the democratic hero, especially as he intended to visit the great provincial towns. The conference on the Schleswig-Holstein question was meeting in London at the moment, and Palmerston was anxious to humour Louis Napoleon and Francis-Joseph. But it would never do to send the hero abruptly home, so a well-known London doctor certified that Garibaldi's health demanded a complete rest. Garibaldi replied that he had never been better in his life, and the first stage of the little plot broke down. Mr. Gladstone was

then deputed to urge Garibaldi to abandon his visit to the North, and performed his task not too ingeniously. Garibaldi, who saw the game, refused to offend the towns which had invited him, and threatened to leave England at once if he was not wanted. It needed all the skill of his hosts to dissuade him from a flight that would have roused a dangerous feeling of resentment in England. But they succeeded in effectually clipping his wings, and after a decorous interval the Duke of Sutherland's yacht took him back to his farm at Caprera.

Garibaldi's visit was the last occasion on which England and Italy were brought closely together. Italian politics ceased to move in the heroic, and her slow social evolution has never excited the interest it deserves. Still in spite of the passing clouds of to-day, there are no two countries in Europe so bound by mutual affection and mutual esteem as England and Italy. How can it be otherwise, when so many can say with Browning,

Open my heart and you will see,
Graved inside of it, *Italy*.
Such lovers old are I and she,
So it always was, so shall ever be?

BOLTON KING.

THE CAMPAIGN OF DOUAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

FOR a moment Walter stood uncertain what to do. Clearly the defenders of the wood were advancing, and in all probability General Hippiusley and Nugent were with them. Looking to his left, he saw the guns limbered up and advancing at a walk, the mounted scouts of the brigade cantering briskly ahead in extended order. From the rear came the dull rumble of a cannonade; continuous and heavy firing was also audible from the north, from the far side of the Bois d'Enfer towards which the infantry were now moving. Making the best pace possible therefore after the advancing line Walter caught it up as it was sweeping across the ridge from which the French had been firing for so long.

The fearful losses which the enemy had suffered were now clear to him. All along the ridge the dead were piled so thickly that it was almost impossible to avoid treading on them as he hurried along. In the hollow beyond things were even worse. The heavy crop of beet was trampled down on every side, the large leaves trodden into the blood-stained paste of the sandy soil. In this hollow were many wounded, who gazed with lacklustre eyes at the passing troops. A few cried out for water, but the majority lay still and made no sign; a large dog, crouching by the side of a wounded officer, showed his teeth wickedly as Walter passed. Elbowing his way through the advancing line, the young aide-camp ran out in front of it, and

asked officer after officer if they knew where the Brigadier was, but no one seemed able to tell him. The regiment with which he now found himself was the Cumberland, whose strong companies showed few signs of loss. As the line scrambled up the scarred and trampled slope, now within a few paces of the smouldering wood into which the enemy had retired, Walter found himself beside one of their majors, a little stout man whose short legs with difficulty kept him in advance of his men. "I hav'n't seen the Brigadier all day," was his answer; "I was with reserves in the rear, and only came up just before this advance. I don't know who ordered it; some one began to cheer away on the right, our fellows took it up, and the next minute we were all advancing. Wish to Heavens I had my horse!"

As he spoke they found themselves entering the wood. Without a pause the line swept on, and in a moment more Walter found himself once again trampling hot cinders under his feet, dodging through showers of sparks and burning branches, blinded and bewildered by eddying smoke. Even here the French dead lay thick. The wood fortunately was free from undergrowth, nor were the trees so dense as in the plantation they had quitted, and the line, though thrown into some confusion by the smoke, still pushed forward briskly. Walter kept moving to his right as he advanced hoping thus to come across his General and Nugent. What with the smoke and the thick foliage of the fir-trees it was nearly dark, and

any attempt at guiding or controlling the advance was out of the question. The line moved on in silence, the only sounds to be heard being the hurried breathing of the men, the brushing of their hasty footsteps through the ashes, and the crackling of the burning branches. When they had passed some hundred yards or so into the wood, the troops found themselves clear of the burning belt; the smoke became less dense, and the officers found less difficulty in straightening out their commands and restoring order. Still there was no sign of the Brigadier. Suddenly rifles began to crack and rattle on the left of the line. Through the trees Walter could see continuous flashes, and now bullets began to drone and whistle round him, striking the trunks with violent blows and cutting off branches in showers. From the left the firing soon spread right across their front and men began to be hit. The flashes were plain enough, but no enemy could be seen. Still the officers kept out in front of their men, and the British made no reply. Through the wood on the right came the sound of cheering, which was quickly taken up by the men behind him; bugles somewhere began to blow the *charge*, and Walter found himself almost carried off his feet, as, buffeted hither and thither in the throng, he was hurried forward with the crowded ranks. As the troops jostled their eager way through the trees, the firing in front died away; then little patches of sunlight began to flicker through the foliage, and in a moment more the line came to a halt at the northern edge of the Bois d'Enfer.

Walter pushed his way to the front and looked eagerly round him. To his great delight, as he emerged from the cover of the trees, he saw the Brigadier and Nugent move into the open not more than fifty paces from

him. He ran across and reported himself at once. General Hippisley merely nodded and began to peer about with his glass in order to take in the situation. Nugent pulled Walter to one side. "Keep out of the old man's way," he whispered; "he's furious about this advance."

"Why, didn't he order it?" ejaculated Walter.

"Not he! It started somehow of itself. I don't really know who was the first; but we couldn't stop it, so we just came along with it."

"I wonder what the next move will be," said Walter.

"That's more than I can tell you," was the answer. "The Fifth Corps, if it is the Fifth, seem very busy the other side of those hills. If it were not for this infernal smoke we could see something;" and both officers raised their field-glasses and followed the example of the Brigadier.

To their right their view was limited by the belt of woodland trending to the north in which was the right of the Brigade, and through which the French skirmishers had probably retired before their advance. About half a mile beyond where this portion of the wood ended, the rows of poplars, seen dimly through the haze and smoke, marked the highroad to the burning village of Herbelles which lay some mile and a half off to the north-west. Between the Twelfth Brigade and the high ground on which lay Herbelles, the *terrain* was undulating, beet-fields alternating with the familiar stubble. It was after four and the sun, though still powerful, was lower in the heavens, throwing the vallies into shadow. In the distance clouds of fleecy dust mingled with the smoke, baffling all attempts of the Brigade Staff to gauge the situation, while their perplexity was further increased by the heavy and incessant firing, which,

seeming to come from all sides, made the air quiver and the very ground vibrate with its continued thunder.

While General Hippiusley and his Staff were thus occupied, the regimental officers busied themselves with restoring order to the ranks thrown into some confusion by the hasty advance, a task which the high discipline and intelligence of the men much facilitated. The led horses of the Brigade now made their appearance, the orderlies leading them unconcernedly round the western corner of the wood; when they saw the Brigadier they quickened into a trot and soon came to a halt close by. Behind them followed the ammunition-mules and the maxim-battery, coming at a more sober pace.

General Hippiusley closed his glasses with a snap, and, turning round, signed to his orderly to bring him his horse. "We must push on, Nugent," he said. "You see, I have no orders, but having come thus far we'd better get on. Get the scouts out to the front and we'll advance. Meanwhile let them serve out some more ammunition if it is wanted."

Nugent told Walter to look to the ammunition, while he galloped off to order an advance of the scouts to cover the forward movement of the Brigade. In a few minutes Walter had the mules sent to their own battalions and fresh supplies were rapidly issued to those men whose pouches were running low; but he was surprised to find from several of the officers whom he questioned that little more than some twenty rounds a man had been expended.

While these preparations were in progress the French shells continued to fall in the belt of woodland still occupied by the right of the Brigade, causing the fire to spread rapidly among the dry and resinous fir-trees. The shells came thick and fast, and as

Walter reached the edge of the wood men began to run out, with scorched clothing and blackened faces, unable any longer to endure the fire to which they were exposed. After these men came one or two officers attempting to rally the fugitives; but their efforts were vain, and every minute the throng of men retreating became thicker and thicker, till at length there must have been several hundred crowding in confusion on to the centre of the Brigade. Most of these men belonged to the Fusiliers and Rifles, and sullenly resisted all the efforts of their officers to induce them to re-enter the wood. Walter, disgusted as he was with their conduct, could hardly wonder at it. The French shells were falling more thickly than before, each crashing explosion hurling fragments of steel and masses of burning timber all around; the flames roared and crackled from tree to tree, and the smoke in black and choking masses poured every instant more thickly across their path. Walter forced his horse, plunging in terror, into the press, towards the tall figure of Colonel Daunt who, shouting and gesticulating, was making frantic efforts to reform his battalion. The Brigadier and Nugent now joined him, General Hippiusley galloping his horse straight into the thickest part of the crowd, and in a few minutes the habits of discipline resumed their sway, and the men began to instinctively reform their lines in obedience to the harsh commands and bitter reproaches of their officers. But any attempt at moving through the wood was clearly out of the question; in fact every moment it became more and more of a furnace, in which the continual explosions of the shells reverberated without cessation.

Just as order had been restored and the advance across the open was about to recommence, a Staff-Officer

turned the western corner of the wood and came racing across the stubbles to the Brigadier. His hat was gone, his face was streaked with blood and sweat, but he sat firmly in his saddle and held his horse strongly together as he forced it at headlong speed down the steep hill-side. His quick eye picked out the Brigadier at once, and reining his jaded horse beside him, he gave his message. "You are to push on, sir. I come from Sir Arthur Jocelyn, but General Browne asked me to come on to you; their horses have gone astray somewhere. The Fifth Division are calling out for re-inforcements; the Eleventh Brigade are moving on your left. You are to go straight ahead. The object is to drive the French back across the river; we are holding them all along the front, but this is their main attack. Sir Arthur is sending a brigade of the Fourth Division to support you."

"Where is General Browne?" asked the Brigadier.

The Staff-Officer smiled. "When I saw him last he was hobbling across those infernal beet-fields. His horses and the horses of his Staff had all been stampeded by a shell. I don't think they had gone far, but meanwhile the General is furious."

The officer turned his horse and galloped back the way he had come, and the Brigadier cantering out to the front of his Brigade, gave the signal for the advance. As they advanced, a line of scouts extended to wide intervals moving some three hundred yards in front—for the mounted scouts had gone no one knew where—heavy artillery-firing broke out close in rear of the line, evidently from the far side of the Bois d'Enfer through which they had just passed.

"Do you hear that, Nugent?" asked General Hippisley, turning an

excited face to his brigade-major. "Those must be our guns firing across the river. I'll bet they're firing down into Théroutanne."

"It will be a good job if they are," said Nugent. "So long as the French can pass the river there without interruption our right flank is in danger, particularly since that confounded wood cannot be held."

"Well," was the answer, "if we can't hold it, the enemy can't either; so it cuts both ways, and meanwhile covers our right very nicely. By Gad, those Fusiliers had some rough handling! Just tell them, Desmond, that as soon as we clear the end of the woodland, they must look out. They will have to watch our right."

Walter reined back and soon found Colonel Daunt, who had regained his horse and was riding at the head of his battalion, which was moving in quarter column in rear of the right of the extended line. Walter gave his message which the Colonel received in silence; however, just as Walter was about to go back to his Chief, he recalled him. "I hope," he said, "the Brigadier won't think too badly of the battalion for bolting from that wood just now. We should never have gone into it; it was all my fault really. The French artillery-fire was terrible; scores of poor chaps were simply blown to atoms; no wonder the others fell back."

"How's Carstairs, sir?" asked Walter, who had anxiously but vainly looked round for his captain.

"Poor fellow," sighed Colonel Daunt, "he's gone down like many other good fellows this day."

"In the wood, sir?" asked Walter.

"I don't think so. I was told it was in crossing the open, a random shot."

"Have we lost many officers?"

"I hardly can tell as yet, Desmond. I'm afraid we have, but I'm

in hopes that some may still turn up. We left some men on the far edge of the wood; the shell-fire practically cut them off from us, and I'm in hopes that we shall find them all right when we come to the other end."

There was some little consolation in this, but Walter felt greatly shocked to hear that Carstairs had fallen. As he rejoined his Brigadier he found that the line of scouts had halted, having reached the open country beyond the wood. They were lying down, and one of them, standing turned towards the Brigade, was signalling with his rifle *enemy in sight*. General Hippiusley at once with raised arm signalled the halt, and the line obeyed, the men sinking on one knee and looking anxiously towards the dim landscape in their front. "Tell the Fusiliers to advance and extend," said the General turning to Walter; as Walter obeyed, he heard him add to Nugent, "We must give them a chance."

Quickly Walter carried the order, and quickly the Fusiliers obeyed, the leading companies running briskly forward, breaking as they advanced into a long fringe of skirmishers, who in a few strides passed the recumbent scouts. General Hippiusley and Nugent rode on in rear of the skirmishing line of the Fusiliers and Walter hastened after them. In line with the northern end of the burning wood the scouts had halted, and here the Brigadier pulled up, throwing his reins on his horse's neck, and searching the ground in front through his glasses. In obedience to his signal the long skirmishing line sank to the ground, the men throwing themselves flat on their faces. Walter began to be conscious that rifle-bullets were droning overhead, and here and there little spurts of dust, rising from the sun-baked stubbles, showed where

bullets were striking. The man who had signalled, a sergeant with medal ribbons showing on the breast of his jacket, pointed through the haze in front towards the poplars, under which, through the drifting smoke and dust, the sun's rays sparkled on innumerable bayonets. Dense columns of infantry were moving slowly towards Herbelles. The bullets began to come quicker and quicker. The enemy were firing volleys, which, striking some fifty yards in front of the halted line, threw clouds of dust and fine gravel over the skirmishers. Walter noticed that the bullets seemed to come diagonally from the right, cutting long furrows in the soil, which pointed in a slanting direction towards the British line, and, turning his glass to that quarter he quickly found the enemy, doubtless the remnant of the force driven from the wood, who were lying along the crest of a low hill some nine hundred yards off. Beyond them the poplars marking the road into Théroutanne showed faintly through the dust and smoke. The Brigadier and Nugent discovered the position of the enemy at the same time as Walter, and orders were quickly given to the Fusiliers to change front half-right and attack them. Meanwhile the firing had also attracted the attention of the distant masses moving along the high road, and through their glasses the British officers could see swarms of skirmishers, who, quitting the column, came rapidly towards them. The rest of the Brigade was ordered up to meet them, two battalions deploying into a firing-line, the remainder lying in reserve. These dispositions were quickly carried out; the mounted officers dismounted, their horses being led to the rear, and, all being ready, the Brigadier gave the signal for a general advance.

The Fusiliers had meanwhile moved

steadily towards the ridge from which the enemy were firing, the two leading companies in a widely extended line, the rest of the battalion lying in support sheltered from the view of the foe by the northern end of the burning plantation from which dense columns of smoke still streamed to the northward, screening to some extent the movements of the British. The Brigade had hardly advanced more than fifty yards before the flanking fire of the French began to tell very severely. The fire which annoyed them was probably meant for the Fusiliers, who were pushing steadily forwards without firing in reply, but the bulk of the volleys came sweeping along the line of the Highlanders and the Cumberland Regiment, rolling men over to right and left and now and then cutting regular gaps through the line. General Hippiusley began to look anxious. The columns against which he was moving continued their march, and the skirmishers who had been detached to meet the Twelfth Brigade had dipped into a hollow from which they had not yet emerged. After a moment's hesitation the Brigadier decided on a retirement, deciding, as he hurriedly told Nugent, to await the attack where the Brigade would be sheltered by the northern spur of the Bois d'Enfer from the enfilading fire of the French. Turning to Walter he ordered him to mount and recall the Fusiliers. Walter ran back, shouting for his horse, and throwing himself into his saddle galloped off with a slack rein in pursuit of the still advancing line. Instinctively he crouched on his horse's neck as the bullets hummed and whistled round him. As he approached the line sank to the ground and at once opened a rapid fire. They were only some five hundred yards from the enemy. Many

grey-clad figures strewed the slope, and the bullets seemed to buzz like swarms of bees on every side. When within some fifty yards of the line Walter whistled loudly, reining up his horse, and signalled the *retire*. Scarcely had he made the signal, circling one hand over his head while with the other he restrained the furious plunges of his frightened horse, than he received a shock of terrible violence. He felt himself hurled from his saddle, the whole landscape seemed to rock and whirl round him, the earth seemed to rise up and swallow him, and with a great roaring in his ears he sank into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XXII.

HE must be in a tunnel, he thought, a long tunnel. It was pitch dark and the roaring of the train made his head ache. He wished that people wouldn't try to talk in a tunnel. Who was this persistent person who would go on talking? Surely he knew the voice. . . . Ah, daylight at last! And Walter opened his eyes to find the kindly face of Fitzgerald bending over him, while the faithful Muldoon, with horror-stricken eyes, was gazing at him, kneeling at his feet, his water-bottle in his hand. But the roaring still continued. Then he remembered; it was a battle, and he heard the continual firing of the artillery. He raised himself on his elbow and looked eagerly round him. Fitzgerald slipped one arm behind and supported him, while Muldoon proffered the water-bottle. Ah, that was good! Walter took a long pull at its tepid contents and sank back refreshed. He remembered now that he was wounded; well, it wasn't painful, though his head was splitting.

"I guess you ain't killed this jour-

ney," said Fitzgerald. "Say, though, you came a fair crumpler."

Walter now began to recover his senses and asked what had happened.

"What happened, sor? Begor, the blackguards had you fair kilt with their murdering shells."

"A shell burst within a few yards of you," added Fitzgerald, "just as you were making a signal of some sort to your regiment."

"The poor baste will eat no more corn," went on Muldoon sorrowfully; "bedad, he's fair spoiled. You'd never know it had ever been a horse, barrin' you found a bit of his hide."

Walter began to feel himself all over to see what injuries he had sustained. "I don't believe I'm hurt at all," he said at length.

"Not hurt," cried Muldoon, "and you half covered with blood? I tell you you're better nor half kilt."

"Let me up," said Walter, and with the aid of Fitzgerald he staggered on to his feet. Certainly one of his legs was covered with blood, his breeches being quite stiff; but he felt sound enough, though still giddy and a little weak. He looked round him; yes, he recognised the spot; there was the wood, from which dark wisps of smoke still trailed across the valley. Across this valley, towards the Herbelles road, on which he remembered the enemy had been seen, now moved line after line of grey-clad infantry, kicking up the dust in fleecy clouds as they went. He turned round; yes, there behind him was the hill which the Fusiliers had been attacking. Along its top grey-clad men were now lying, their backs to him, and surely that was Colonel Daunt whose tall figure showed clearly in the sunlight, as he slowly paced up and down behind the line. "How did they get there, Muldoon?" he asked.

"Begor, on our own two feet; we just walked up, sor."

"But didn't you get my signal to retire?"

"I suppose we did, your Honour, but the Colonel he just went on. Sure we hadn't been firing more than three or four minutes before the red-breeches made tracks."

Walter still felt giddy, and sat down again. As he looked round him, he saw the ground strewn with figures in the familiar grey. Many lay still, doubtless beyond the reach of aid; but others stirred uneasily, and now and then a man would raise his head, look round for a minute and then sink back as if overcome with weakness.

"We've a lot of wounded here, Fitzgerald; are there no ambulances?"

"They've been sent for; they went astray somehow in the advance."

"I say, Fitzgerald," asked Walter anxiously; "we're winning all right, aren't we?"

"You're right enough so far, I reckon. The French are retiring."

Walter staggered to his feet again.

"How long have I been lying here?"

"Nearly an hour, I should think; you've had a severe concussion. What do you say, Muldoon?"

"Indeed it is, sir; a full hour. When I saw you go over, sir, I thought, 'Holy fly, he's done for!' but the officers would let no one stop, and it's only a matter of ten minutes or so that I've been here. I saw this gentleman kneeling by your Honour."

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Fitzgerald. I must go and find my General; I'm feeling much better. Where shall I find him?"

"He's over there beyant," answered Muldoon, vaguely indicating the eastern horizon. "We're in reserve now, glory be to God! Sure your Honour had better stay with us."

Walter smiled faintly, shaking his head, and walked slowly towards the hill-top from which his regiment was firing, without the assistance which

both Muldoon and Fitzgerald pressed on him. His head was aching severely, and he still felt a little faint and giddy, but he determined to go on and find his Chief, confident that these feelings would wear off as soon as the excitement of the fight was felt once more. The path to the top of the hill seemed a long one, and the quick crashing of the volleys fired by the troops lining the ridge above seemed to deafen him, making his head throb painfully, but he struggled on, anxious to hear from Colonel Daunt how the action was progressing. As he stumbled up the slope he noticed the men sitting by the ammunition-mules and the orderlies holding the horses of the mounted officers watching him curiously. Muldoon and Fitzgerald walked at each side, just behind him, ready to support him if necessary, but he rejected all their offers of assistance.

Suddenly Muldoon ejaculated, "Begor, the battalion's after moving," and looking up, Walter saw that this was indeed the case. The shrill whistles brought the firing to a stop and, while he gazed, the line rose to their feet and, rifles at the slope, quickly disappeared from his sight over the ridge. Walter signed to Muldoon to go on. "I'm all right now," he said; "double after them, or they'll say you're shirking." This was quite enough for Muldoon, so, throwing his rifle over his shoulder, he hastened up the hill. The aide-de-camp then turned to Fitzgerald. "Don't bother about me, please," he said; "you've got your own work to do, and really I'm all right."

Fitzgerald would not hear of leaving him. "My work's all right," he said. "I must see this thing through. When things are settled one way or the other I must scoot off somewhere and begin the old wrangling with your confounded censor and telegraph-clerks; meanwhile we're both on the

same job. You've got to see your General and the end of this fight, and I'm with you. Your uniform may be of use to me, and I may be of use to you."

This settled the matter, and the pair hurried on as well as Walter's dazed condition would permit. As they neared the top of the hill they found the French dead and wounded lying thickly strewn along the ridge. "Those rifles of yours have done their work well," said Fitzgerald. "Really I'm beginning to believe there's nothing to beat the rifle after all." Here and there the hill-side was scarred with the marks of falling shell, but none of the men lying there showed signs of having suffered from artillery-fire. "The guns only fired a few rounds here," explained the American. "The first shell bowled you and your horse over, but I don't think the others did any damage."

By this time they were on the ridge and Walter drew a deep breath as he looked at the confused scene before him. He fumbled mechanically for his field-glasses. They were gone, probably either lost or broken in his fall. Fitzgerald noticed the action. "We'll take the liberty of replacing your glasses by a pair this poor fellow has no further use for," he said, and, going over to a French officer who lay near, stone dead with glassy eyes staring at the heavens, he unbuckled the glasses from his belt and handed them to Walter. Quickly focussing these, Walter rapidly ran his eyes over the warlike panorama before him. Down the far side of the ridge on which he stood moved the lines of the Fusiliers, Colonel Daunt and another mounted officer riding in front; the right of their line moved parallel to the course of a little stream flowing into the Lys, their left marching

parallel to the high road. On the far side of this little stream moved another long line of grey infantry. Some buildings beyond were in flames, and the smoke obscured any further view in that direction, but the thunder of artillery showed Walter that the British guns were now firing across the river. A few hundred yards in front of the Fusiliers moved a strong skirmishing line. The sun was now low, and the hill Walter stood on threw its long shadow far into the valley, making it difficult to clearly follow the movements of the infantry, but he could see the steady advance of the skirmishers, who moved rapidly through a series of gardens and other enclosures, now halting to fire, now running from shelter to shelter, but always advancing. The objective of their attack was doubtless the village of Thérouanne, which was now in flames, but from which the musketry rolled continuously. On the distant summit of the slopes, rising gently from the far side of the river, were the French artillery; to the naked eye they would have been invisible from where Walter stood, but the powerful glasses he was using showed them clearly, and the constant flickering flashes, like bright pin-points, told him that they were firing fiercely. As the British skirmishers dodged on from cover to cover, shells continuously burst among them, the vivid flashes of the explosions being clearly visible on the hill-top. All along the river bank, both to the north and south of Thérouanne, the rifles of the French infantry cracked viciously from every garden-wall and enclosure. At Thérouanne the Lys makes a turn to the east and, looking up the valley in this direction, Walter could see that the fighting was heavy there also. From the high ground on the south side of the river roared the guns of the French, answered with

equal spirit from the northern bank by the artillery of the invaders. Along the valley, the further side of which lay bathed in sunlight, rolled dark clouds of smoke from the burning villages and farms, and through these dark clouds the glasses showed Walter the frequent flashes of the French musketry.

While gazing with quickening pulse on this scene of destruction, Walter happened to turn his glasses on to the road connecting Herbelles with Thérouanne. From the ridge on which he stood he commanded a good view of the road which swept beneath the poplars over high ground and low till it crowned the slope which enclosed the valley of the Lys and swept straight down it on to the stone bridge of Thérouanne. Walter could not trace it so far as this; the smoke drifting from the burning town wrapped its distant whiteness in obscurity, but as he followed its misty outline his eye fell upon a cluster of horsemen standing under the poplars at the hither end of the long descent. On this group he riveted his gaze. Surely, he thought, that burly figure, erect on his horse a few paces in front of the others, was Sir Charles Browne, and close behind him, surely that slight square-set man was General Hippisley. He turned to Fitzgerald and, pointing out the horsemen, asked him what he made of them.

The American with much deliberation adjusted his binoculars. "I believe your General is there," he said, after a prolonged scrutiny. "He seems to be standing behind that very important person General Browne. I suppose now you will make your way to them?"

Walter nodded. "What will you do?" he asked. "Won't you come too?"

"I guess I'll wait here a bit," said

the American. "You can manage all right, eh? Well, in that case I can get a better view up here by myself than I should get peeping between the horses' legs of those fine gentlemen. I will look you up this evening at the headquarters of your Brigade. Till then, take care of yourself."

"I can't thank you enough for what you've done for me," said Walter shaking him by the hand. "You take care of yourself, Fitzgerald; you run as many risks as any of us." With these words he turned away and began to hastily descend the northern slope of the ridge, as the most direct route to his destination. As he turned away he heard a click and, looking round, saw Fitzgerald replace his camera in its sling.

"Fairly caught," laughed the American; "I hope you don't mind. Say, I've got some good snaps to-day; shells exploding, guns in action, burning woods and villages,—oh, I've got a good cargo in this little box."

Walter laughed and hurried on. The stubble-field he was crossing was deeply scored with ruts, guns having evidently passed that way. He looked to right and left as he hastened on, and was hardly surprised to see two or three dead horses, artillery-horses from their harness, lying close together on the ground as if struck down by the same missile. Here and there men lay on the stubble, some in the red breeches of the French, some in the neutral-tinted uniform of the invaders. Between him and the road for which he was making was a smoke-blackened building, its windows shattered and roof fallen in, its plastered walls sadly pitted with bullet-marks. Doubtless it had played its part in the fighting of the day. As Walter drew near he saw that from one of the upper windows the

head and shoulders of a French soldier hung down. The man must have been shot while firing from the window; his rifle lay on the ground below, and a little dark stream marked where his life-blood had trickled down the wall, which bore the inscription, *Bureau de Poste, Trésory*. As he passed the house a horse, wearing the trappings of a French officer, trotted round the corner, neighing shrilly. Seeing Walter he stopped with head extended and dilated nostrils sniffing. He was a fine-looking beast, and for a moment Walter thought of catching him; but after a couple of fruitless attempts he gave up the idea and hurried on, afraid that the Brigadier would move off from the high road before he could get there. The horse remained trotting round and round the house, continually neighing, as though asking for his master who doubtless lay dead inside.

Walter was getting near the road now, and, as he topped a little eminence, he saw that the two Generals and their Staffs were still where he had seen them through the glass. The highway behind them was blocked with ammunition-waggons, from which the drivers had dismounted and were sitting by the side of the road, the officers in charge standing close to the Staff and watching the fight through their glasses. In the field on the far side of the road were a number of guns; no one was near them, and the guns were all unlimbered, some pointing this way, some that; some lying on their side; one or two overturned. Behind them, that is to say between them and the river, stood their limbers and waggons in similar confusion; French batteries evidently, which had been silenced and captured. Walter at last found himself beside the Staff. They were all absorbed in the struggle going on before them, and his arrival

was unnoticed. Looking about for a minute, he at last saw Nugent, like the others gazing through his field-glasses at the fight. Walter stepped over to him and laid his hand on his knee. Nugent looked down with a start. "Desmond! By Jove!" he ejaculated. "Thank God, you're all right! But you're wounded?" seeing the bloodstains on his clothing. "We heard you had been killed."

"Oh, I'm first-rate," said Walter, "got a bit of concussion, that's all. I say, can't I get hold of a horse? I expect the Brigadier will want me before long."

"Vincent's second horse is behind with the orderlies. You had better collar it, before some one else bags it. I've had a job to keep it, I can tell you. Sir Charles has had two horses killed under him, and several of his Staff have lost horses. The Brigadier had his horse shot just after you were bowled over."

Walter needed no second bidding, and was thankful to find Vincent's fine chestnut standing with the orderlies. The sergeant congratulated him on his escape. "We saw you roll over, sir," he said, "and we all thought that if the shell hadn't killed you, you must have broken your neck anyhow." The horse was fresh and in good heart in spite of the many hours he had been in the field, and Walter was delighted to find himself once more in the saddle.

He now got Nugent to tell him what had happened after his fall. It appeared that while the firing-line of the Brigade was still retiring, before they had reached the ground on which General Hippisley had decided to meet the attack, the head of the long and dense column of infantry which they had seen marching on Herbelles was brought to a halt by artillery-fire just outside that village. Their deployment Nugent described as a

sense of great confusion, so far as he could see at that distance through his glasses, apparently due to the movement being interfered with by masses of infantry in full retreat which came headlong from the village and over the hill on its north side. These infantry in their retirement were closely followed by the British infantry of the Fifth Division, who lined the high ground beyond the village for some distance, pouring a destructive fire into the confused masses of the French. "Then," went on Nugent, "their guns came into action again. I did not see them till long afterwards, but you will remember we had heard them firing for ever so long; they must have been withdrawn just before their infantry went back. Their fire seemed to relieve the pressure for a bit. The old man and I had a lovely view. It looked more like a pretty field-day than anything else; we went on to the high ground on the left of our line and could see splendidly. Their infantry were withdrawn into some low ground and reformed, and then the whole advanced to the attack again. It was very pretty; line after line of skirmishers, and then what looked like company columns worming their way across the fields behind; their guns and ours, none of which we could see, firing like blazes all the time. From the dust-clouds flying all along the hills beyond the village our guns must have been in action there. Our infantry we couldn't see either; we saw them advancing over the sky-line, through our glasses, that is, but directly they lay down we lost sight of them altogether. Certainly these uniforms are invisible. The French went on boldly enough, but the chaps who had started to attack us contented themselves with firing volleys at about eight hundred yards from the near edge of the hollow

off the road. We fired at them too and bowled a good many over. Then we got a fine target at some closed columns of the French infantry at two thousand three hundred yards. The old man made the company on the left of our line fire section-vollies at them at that range, and the effect was surprising. The great columns seemed to dissolve after half a dozen vollies, and I don't believe they know to this minute where the shots came from. The maxims helped too, and I dare say had as much to say to it. When we had got those chaps on the run in this manner, for the columns dispersed to the rear as they broke, we turned the maxims on the chaps who were firing at us. You never saw such a clearance. They were lying in some thick beet, but the sun sparkled on their rifle-barrels and cap-ornaments and betrayed them, and we had the maxims up on the high ground. Brrrrrrrr—it was just like that; and they cleared like a lot of frightened rabbits. I should think more than half of them were killed. I saw some of our men near me potting at them as they ran, and you'd have been surprised to see how they bowled them over, and at quite eight hundred yards too. Our rifles are splendidly sighted and infernally accurate. Well, that started the retirement. The other chaps had made about three or four useless attacks on the Fifth Division, losing heavily each time, as we could see, for the bare stubble-fields were strewn with red breeches. And now they began to give way; first at the end of the line on which we were playing; then the whole lot began to crumble away, our chaps slating them all the time, till at last it was a regular *sauve qui peut*. Their cavalry tried to save them by a very gallant and brilliant charge; it was splendidly timed too.

We saw it, but not very well owing to the fearful dust they made. We could see a great pillar of dust dart out into the open from behind a line of fir-plantations, and we could hear the crackling of our chaps' rifles. Then the great pillar of dust seemed to sway and break up into a number of smaller dust clouds which went skimming back across the fields out of our sight again. With our glasses we could see the ground strewn with dark specks, which must have been men and horses. Then our fellows pushed on. It was very pretty to see them, though jolly hard, as they were widely extended and came very fast and the background, just suiting their clothing, did not show them up at all. Meanwhile your Colonel had turned the French out of the hill."

"Why didn't he retire?" asked Walter. "I passed the signal all right."

"Oh, he came down and apologised most humbly," went on Nugent. "It appears that he found that the French were firing high, and he decided it would be more costly to retire than to go on; he has enormous confidence in the shooting of his men. Well, it turned out all right as it happened, and from the hill he was able to give a frightful slating to the French left flank as they passed him in their retirement. Of course we advanced again, this Brigade I mean, and joined in the fun. We captured a lot of their guns; you must have seen them as you came over here. The rest they took across higher up the river, though whether they got across or not I don't know. As our chaps came to where we are now the guns that the enemy had in position on the far side, where they are now in fact, opened with a good deal of effect and enabled the rest of their infantry to draw off. They went

splashing through the river like blazes, our chaps picking them off as they ran. Now we're going to turn them out of Théroutanne and those farms and villas, and get to the top of those hills before dark."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was now plain that the French were beginning to give way all along the front. The British skirmishers were entering the outskirts of the village, and lines of blue-coated infantry could be seen hastening up the bare hill-side beyond the river, the dust rising in spurts around them as they retired showing that they were under fire. Théroutanne was obviously untenable now by either side, being one mass of flames from the shells which had been showered into it. The old houses burnt fiercely, the flames rising to a great height. Clouds of smoke rolled northwards across the front of the British, lending a friendly screen to the movements of the enemy. To the south the artillery-fire had almost died away, dull booms at intervals taking the place of the continuous thunder which had shaken the earth for so many hours. The British guns to the north still fired with spirit, but less rapidly than before, and the French on the distant heights only replied with an occasional shot.

While Walter was watching the battle, his attention was suddenly distracted by the loud strains of military music close behind him. He, and nearly every one near, turned to see a fine force of infantry deployed into many long lines advancing with firm and elastic step across the shot-torn stubble. Between the two leading lines marched the bands, who were playing the old martial air, *The Boys of the Old Brigade*, and the whole force moved with a precision

and a spirit which aroused the admiration of the soldiers looking on. In front rode a General Officer with his Staff.

"What troops are those?" Walter asked Nugent.

"The Fourth Division," was the reply. "They have had bad luck, been chasing us all day, and now the thing is practically over."

Sir Charles Browne was delighted to see this accession of force. He rode across to the commander of the reinforcement, shook him heartily by the hand, and talked earnestly to him for a few moments. The new arrivals were halted below the crest of the rising ground, and lay in ordered lines along the slope. The Divisional leader and his Staff joined Sir Charles and the other officers at their point of vantage on the crest. Walter looked at his watch; it was after six. While he was watching the struggle still going on in front, the sound of cheering on his left came to his ears, and looking round he saw the infantry who had been skirmishing among the gardens and enclosures along the Lys, now plunging into the river and splashing through the shallow water to the further bank, while numbers of other troops, who had been lying along the crest of the high ground over-looking the valley, came doubling down the hillside, scrambling over the fences and through the enclosures, and followed their comrades in the advance.

While watching this incident, he noticed a horseman coming at full gallop towards him. His horse seemed to flag under the spur, but its rider kept it going and only drew rein when beside the waggons of the ammunition-column. He was an artillery-officer, and shouted lustily for the officer commanding the divisional ammunition-column. A young-looking captain in the artillery who

was standing not far from Walter turned to the newcomer, and both the Generals turned also to hear what he was demanding with so much vehemence. It was a matter of horses. Most of his gun-horses were killed; the guns might be wanted at any minute; without horses he was powerless. The young captain stood in indecision, finally appealing to General Browne. "Let him have his horses," said the General. "We must try and get some elsewhere for you; I dare say we shall find some in these farms." The two officers then went off together to select the animals required, and Walter saw the gunner departing satisfied in a few minutes, half a dozen teams with looped-up traces clattering at his heels.

Looking to the right Walter could now see his own battalion still lying at the foot of the hill, only a row of gardens between them and the river. In these gardens, strung out along the river, seemed to be the remainder of the Brigade and a slow desultory fire was still maintained. While he was trying to make out through the drifting smoke what was going on on the far side of the river, a sudden stir and movement among the officers near him made him again look round. All eyes were fixed on a small party of horse riding slowly up the Herbelles road. With a loud ejaculation Sir Charles Browne pushed his way through the crowd of Staff-Officers and, followed by the commander of the Fourth Division, trotted to meet the newcomers.

General Hippisley now saw Walter for the first time since his fall. "By Gad, Desmond," he cried, "is that you? A thousand congratulations, my lad! We thought you were done for. Do you see those chaps there," he went on indicating the newcomers, "do you see what they are? They're

German Hussars, my boy, German Hussars! That means that the Kaiser's not so far off. It's all over with the red-breeches now."

It was as he said. A small party of German Hussars in faded blue and silver uniforms, a slight, fair-haired officer at their head, riding jaded and travel-worn horses, were moving towards the British officers, the setting sun at their backs throwing their shadows in grotesque exaggeration along the white and dusty highroad. The infantry men lying beside the road stared open-mouthed at them for a moment, and then broke out into a storm of cheering which set the horses of all the Staff dancing, cheering which the formal German acknowledged by stiffly raising one gloved hand to his busby. General Browne joined the little party which halted for a few moments. There was a brief conversation, and then the German officer saluted again and rode away at a trot, followed by his escort, the party moving across the stubble-fields towards the south. General Browne came back swelling with importance. He looked quickly round the Staff. "Those fellows left the right wing of the German army at Douai early this morning; they must have come over sixty miles, as they had to make several detours. They brought despatches for the Field-Marshal. The Germans are marching on Amiens, and to-morrow will be in striking distance of the rear of this army opposed to us."

At this announcement there was a tremendous cheer, the gunners and infantry lying beside the road rising to their feet and joining in with a will. Before the buzz of conversation thus aroused had subsided, a fresh sensation was caused by the tumultuous arrival of a field-telegraph. The great waggon with its team of

powerful horses came racing down the high road in clouds of dust, reminding Walter of nothing so much as of a fire-engine he had once seen crashing over the macadamised roads of Kensington. As the waggon bumped and rattled over the ground, the drum revolved, reeling the wire off along the road. The horses were pulled up with a jerk within a few paces of the Staff, close to the ammunition-waggons already crowded along one side of the high-way, and the sunburned Sapper in charge immediately reported his arrival to Colonel Vibart, the chief Staff-Officer. In a moment Colonel Vibart had dismounted, and without any delay the operator was at work, the tall figure of the Staff-Officer leaning over him, dictating message after message.

General Hippiisley was now pleading with Sir Charles Browne to be allowed to cross the river. "The Eleventh Brigade are across, sir, above the town. Don't you think I ought to push on?" But General Browne refused to give the order till a message had come from headquarters. "If you had asked me five minutes ago," he said, "I might have told you to go, but now that we are in communication with the Field-Marshal I must wait orders." This was the only answer the Brigadier could get, and with that he had to be content.

All now waited impatiently for the expected orders. Away on the left the last rays of the sun showed the Eleventh Brigade and the infantry of the Fifth Division pressing on up the hill. The rattle of their musketry sounded faintly, but no reply could be heard from the French; even their guns had now ceased firing and had probably been withdrawn. A balloon, looking like a ball of fire in the crimson sunlight, swayed slowly above the hill-tops. Thus they waited for

nearly half an hour. Suddenly the electric bell of the telegraph was heard ringing, and all eyes were turned on the Sapper as he transcribed the message with nimble fingers. Colonel Vibart moved his horse nearer to him, and taking the message from his hands handed it to the General. Sir Charles ran his eyes over the writing, crumpled the paper in a ball and tossed it to Colonel Vibart, then, rising in his stirrups and waving his hand in a theatrical manner, he shouted: "The Twelfth Brigade and Fourth Division are to cross the river and halt on the ground evacuated by the French artillery."

Like a flash General Hippiisley galloped down the slope towards his Brigade, Nugent and Walter close behind him. As they raced down the hill Walter felt his head reel with the rapid motion, and the landscape seemed to dance mistily before his eyes. With an effort he kept his seat, and was dimly conscious of the quick commands of the Brigadier, and of the clatter and bustle as the troops dashed forward towards the river. Then came more galloping. The ringing stones of the bridge, its parapets shattered, its roadway torn by shells, next echoed under his horse's feet. He swayed in his saddle, desperately trying to recall his wandering senses and to fix his attention on the alert figure of his Chief cantering ahead. Through the littered street of the ruined town their progress was slower. Walter felt the hot breath of the smouldering houses on his cheek and looked around him. Théroutte was a scene of desolation and death; columns of smoke still rose into the air from the roofless houses and through the shattered windows. In the streets broken country-carts, overturned artillery waggons, and deserted guns cumbered the ground. Everywhere lay dead

and wounded men. In a side-street his eye caught a glimpse of a group lying mangled in the roadway. He saw the blue blouse of a countryman, a woman's garments, and the flaxen hair of children. Devastating shells had made a hideous ruin everywhere. Through this wreck the Brigadier picked his way slowly, Walter with returning consciousness following at his heels, Nugent having gone on some duty. Behind them suddenly roared the crash and thunder of innumerable wheels. The Brigadier looked round, then turned his horse, Walter still following, into a side-street. Up the road came the British guns. In front cantered three officers, a diminutive trumpeter, sitting erect on a big horse, looking to right and left with the eyes of a conqueror, clattering at their heels. Behind came the guns, crashing through or over every obstacle, their iron-shod wheels crushing the dead in their path, the horses, flecked with foam, their coats matted with sweat, straining at their heavy loads; the drivers, their faces flushed and sunburned, cracking their whips and urging them on. On the limbers swayed the strong figures of the gunners; weary-eyed and jaded, their heads nodded to the jolting of the clumsy carriages as they clung mechanically to their precarious seats. In long procession they thundered up the street, followed by a jostling crowd of officers. As the last horseman passed the Brigadier pushed his horse into a trot and followed, Walter riding a pace or two in rear. The dizziness had passed off, and now he only felt hungry, with a frantic, sickening hunger to which he had been a stranger hitherto.

As they cleared the little town they saw the leading battalions of the Brigade pushing with steady strides up the hill. While waiting for the

infantry to overtake them the clatter of a galloping horse on the road made them both look round. Up the hill through the twilight came a Staff-Officer, riding furiously as one with important tidings; as he reached the Brigadier he checked his horse. "From Sir Charles Browne, sir. An armistice has been agreed to. The Fourth Division are to furnish outposts along the front. You are to find the nearest quarters you can for your Brigade. The men are to use the emergency ration, as your transport cannot reach you till the morning. Sir Charles has gone to Headquarters for the night." He repeated his message, as if knowing it by heart, and then galloped on after the guns.

The Brigadier looked at Walter. "That means that the war is over," he said, as he turned towards the Brigade, holding up his hand as a signal to halt. "A night under the stars will hurt none of us, my lad," he added pleasantly; "we will bivouac here." In a few moments fatigue-parties were bringing firewood in plenty, in the form of charred timbers, door-posts, window-frames, articles of furniture and such things from the ruined houses near, while others brought water. No cooking-pots were to be had, with the exception of a few looted from the town, but the hungry and weary soldiers made their mess-tins serve their turn. Nugent now returned and the Brigadier and Walter seated themselves to share a frugal meal with the officers of the Fusiliers. Walter saw Fitzgerald strolling up the road, his tall figure looking taller than ever in the half light, and made him join them. He contributed a tin of *pâté* to the feast, and soon began to retail the latest news with much impartiality. "You've whipped the French all along the line," he announced cheerfully. "I saw the officer of the Headquarter Staff who

accompanied the German Hussar officer back to Herbelles where he had to pick up part of his escort. He told me that this was the real attack; the fighting all along the front was only a feint. Your Field-Marshal turned the tables when he found you could hold your own here, and crossed the river. All your troops are across now and hold the heights the French were on this morning. When the Germans arrived the French were already negotiating."

"We have had a most providential success," said General Hippisley. "To what do you attribute it, Colonel?"

"Under Heaven, sir," said Colonel Daunt, "to the shooting of our infantry. That, and that alone decided the day. We have now learned that the strongest navy cannot bring a war to a conclusion, and that modern weapons are of little value if you do not take the trouble to make your men experts in their use. Every

improvement in weapons strengthens my argument. The highly-trained few will annihilate the half-trained multitude in the fighting of the future."

And so the seniors talked on, till Walter, so exhausted by the experiences of the day that for some time all inclination to sleep had left him, at last began to nod, his senses lulled by the monotonous voices of the speakers and the rumble of the wheels of the carts and ambulances in attendance on the numerous parties searching for the wounded over the wide battlefield. In the distance, across the river, the red embers of the smouldering forests glowed with a dull radiance in the moonlight, and here and there the white rays from the surgeons' search-lights played like will o' the wisps over the distant fields.

With these lights still flickering before his eyes Walter fell asleep. He had seen his first and last battle.

THE END

GILBERT WHITE AND HIS RECENT EDITORS.

1. *THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE*; by Gilbert White, *edited with Notes by Grant Allen*, illustrated by Edmund H. New. London and New York, 1900.

2. *THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE AND A GARDEN KALENDAR*; by the Reverend Gilbert White, M.A., *edited by R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D.*, with an Introduction to the Garden Kalendar by the Very Reverend S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, and numerous illustrations. In two volumes. Volume one. London, 1900.

To many people the naturalist is a mysterious being. Take him as described in novels, and he is an eccentric but usually harmless creature, clad in spectacles and a coat with numerous pockets, who passes his days in wandering vaguely about the country with a trowel in one hand, and a gauze bag at the end of a long stick in the other; not over-communicative, but, when challenged to speak, using a language into which enter many long words, presumably of Latin or Greek origin, but for all that volubly uttered. In real life, however, this kind of naturalist is of comparatively rare occurrence, and even observant persons may have lived to a good old age without having encountered him. A much commoner sort, and one that can be always recognised, since he announces his calling on a board over his window or doorway, is the dweller in a side street of almost every market-town, where he ekes out a living as a barber or a basket-maker, by stuffing the deceased pets of children and old ladies, to say nothing of the casual jay or kingfisher that has fallen a victim to the generally unlicensed gun. Of late years he has often been induced to call himself a "taxidermist," but, when that unfortunately happens, he removes himself from the true naturalist's rank and becomes a mere tradesman. A third kind of natural-

ist, as commonly known to the world, is he who flatters himself that everything he notices for the first time in the animal or vegetable way can never have been seen by any one else, and rushes to record the "interesting observation" as a novelty in some newspaper, to the satisfaction of himself and the amazement of his neighbours.

But somebody will immediately say, all this may be very true; but to us who read and speak English, whether on one side of the world or the other, there was a man who fulfilled our idea of what a naturalist should be,—a close and accurate observer of everything that came under his eyes, and an interpreter of much that, though visible to such as choose, is unintelligible to the greater number, telling his experiences in the simplest and most pleasing language. That man was Gilbert White, who wrote the *NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE*, a book that has been reprinted a hundred times, and possesses a vitality so vigorous, even after the lapse of more than a century, that there seems every reason to expect it may be reprinted as many times more. It has made its appearance in almost every conceivable form, from the original respectable quarto published at a guinea, to a flimsy version brought out some years ago at sixpence, and now in fashion most

garish, of which large paper copies are advertised at seven pounds and, the publisher states, all subscribed for.

It is not intended here to dwell upon the merits of this book, or to attempt an explanation of the charm that pervades it. Such an explanation has been frequently attempted, and that by men who have been no incapable critics, but to little purpose. Two prominent facts, however, may be noticed. The first and most remarkable is that, great as its popularity is in England, it enjoys almost as much in America, where, as has been truly said, "scarcely a plant or an animal mentioned in it is familiar, or even known but by name." The next is that the work itself has never suffered from its misusage by editors, of whom it has had so many, a few good, some indifferent, and several bad. If anything be needed to prove White's right to be considered a naturalist of the first order, it may be found in the fact that his most ignorant editor has been unable to degrade him from that rank, and how ignorant some have been would take too long to tell. Again, White wrote of himself to a correspondent—this was at the outbreak of the French Revolution—"I was born and bred a gentleman, and hope I shall be allowed to die such." Yet his book is unaffected by the vulgarity of some of his editors, and especially of one, the greatest sinner of all in this respect, who shall here be nameless. Perhaps the general public may fail to mark the contrast, in cases of this kind, between author and editor, but it is fully recognised by all true *Whitists*. Another fact may here be mentioned. The only book of that period with which *THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE* can be compared is Goldsmith's *ANIMATED NATURE*. This was begun in 1769, two years after the commencement of

White's correspondence with Pennant, and in the very year in which White first wrote to Barrington. Goldsmith's book appeared in 1774, when the correspondence was all but concluded, and the celebrated monographs of the *Hirundines* were ready for the Royal Society. One author could not have been influenced by the other. Goldsmith's work was one of the most profitable of his literary undertakings, and was at once popular beyond anything of the kind before published; but no one reads it now, nay more, no one could conscientiously edit it without having to annotate it in a way that would expose the author to ridicule on one point after another. It seems doubtful whether White could read French; but Goldsmith could only translate and travesty Buffon, and the man who on so many subjects "wrote like an angel," could not touch the works of Nature without deforming them. Yet none can deny the old-fashioned fragrance, it is perhaps not too much to say, the grace of Goldsmith's language. The difference between the two men is that one was writing about subjects of which he really was ignorant, the other on matters of which he knew more than anybody then living, though he treated them, even when he said he was "didactic," in a plain and natural style as if they might be known to everybody.¹

Concerning former editors it is only necessary to mention here those who may be regarded as experts, and their work therefore to have real

¹ Mr. Holt-White has kindly called my attention to the comparison between White and Goldsmith drawn by Prior in his *Life of the latter* (ii. 507); but the biographer, being no naturalist, was unable to perceive the essential difference between the two. Goldsmith's work may be, as Johnson predicted of it, "as entertaining as a Persian tale," but it is not more veracious.

value. Among them are such men as Blyth, Jardine, Rennie, and Bennett, the labours of the last two forming the foundation of the excellent edition (or editions, it must be said,) of Mr. Harting; and the late Professor Bell, who lived for forty years in what had been White's house at Selborne, and, possessing advantages far greater than any of his predecessors or successors, was able to give so much additional information that his edition still remains, and is likely for many years to remain, the standard. His biographical memoir too contains more numerous details of the author than had been before accessible; but for a complete Life we must await that which his great-great-nephew, Mr. Holt-White, is understood to have in the press. Moreover it must be confessed that Bell did not make the best use of his opportunities, as in one important case will almost immediately be seen.

Of this work two editions have lately appeared, concerning each of which it seems expedient, in the interest of both literature and natural history, that a few words should be said. The first of them, with a preface and notes by the late Mr. Grant Allen, though bearing "1900" on its title-page, made its appearance in November, 1899, a volume "got up" (to use publishers' slang) according to the most modern ideals, and crowded with illustrations which pass for, if they be not, woodcuts. The death of the editor, which almost coincided with the issue of the book, makes the reviewer's task peculiarly ungrateful, since, with the greatest respect for Mr. Allen, it must be deliberately said that if there were a work off which he ought to have kept his hands it was the *NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE*. How little he could

understand the author, or enter into his feelings, and it will be admitted that no man can properly edit a book without being imbued by its spirit, may be seen by a passage in his Introduction (p. xxxi.) where, wholly unmindful of what is shown by the work itself or the portions of the author's correspondence printed by Bell, Gilbert White is represented as settling down at Selborne "to a placid bachelor existence," and "being a celibate Fellow" (how many Fellows were there in those days, and for long after, who were not celibate?) "he gave himself up almost entirely to his favourite *fad* of watching the beasts and birds of his native country." If a word could be found to raise a feeling of disgust among the thousands of admirers of Gilbert White, it is that which is above italicised. Who but a vulgarian could conceive of White's life-long devotion to the study of natural history being designated a "*fad*"? And yet Mr. Allen wrote himself a naturalist! How much he knew of the methods of observing naturalists in general, and of White's in particular, is shown by another passage in the same Introduction (p. xxxiii.). Describing the lawn and garden at Selborne, this editor is pleased to say: "Here the easy-minded Fellow of Oriel and curate of Faringdon could sit in his rustic chair all day long, and observe the birds and beasts as they dropped in to visit him." What the fellowship and curacy have to do with the matter is not apparent, but had Mr. Allen any experience of observational natural history, he would have known that beasts and birds do not "drop in" to visit people sitting all day long in chairs, rustic or otherwise; while he must have read Gilbert White's writings to very little purpose to think that was the

way in which the observations, so inimitably recorded, were taken. There is hardly a bit of armchair work in the whole of them. But all the statements in this Introduction are not open to cavil on the ground of inaccuracy. A few pages further on, in reference to White's regret that he had once stayed for a week at Spalding without hearing of the heronry at Cressi, the reader is considerably informed that "Murray and Baedeker were then unknown," an assertion that none will dispute. Another truth may be found on the same page (xxxix.): "The vast majority of men can never do anything to 'advance science' in any noteworthy degree; and the desire to 'fake up' [!] a petty name by pretending to advance it lies at the root of much of our current pedantry." To avoid this pedantry, it may be supposed, Mr. Allen has refrained from attempting "to give the accepted modern scientific names" (p. 164, *note*) to the species mentioned by White. If so it is a remarkable instance of modesty on the part of one who is always thrusting the most modern ideas, of which he sees germs in the author, down the throat of his readers.

Much is made in the publisher's announcement of this edition of the Appendix containing "Marginalia from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's copy" of the work now in the British Museum, and, as the public is informed, "here printed for the first time." These Marginalia are sixteen in number, and by how much the world is better for their publication it is not easy to say, since anything more inane and commonplace than most of them cannot well be imagined. White was not a prophet in Coleridge's eyes; and, though he does say (p. 498) he trusts his notes will not lessen "the value of

this sweet delightful book," the criticisms show a carping spirit, and cannot be said to illustrate the poet's character. Only one is essentially Coleridgean, and that, it must be admitted, is rather remarkable. White thus concludes his Eighteenth Letter to Barrington:

Thus is instinct in animals, taken the least out of its way, an undistinguishing, limited faculty; and blind to every circumstance that does not immediately respect self-preservation, or lead at once to the propagation or support of their species.

Hereon Coleridge remarks (p. 498):

This is an inadequate explanation. I would rather say, that instinct is the wisdom of the species, not of the individual; but that let any circumstance occur regularly through many generations that [*sic*] then its *every-time-felt* inconvenience would by little and little act through the blind sensations on the organic frame of the animals, till at length they were *born* wise in that respect, and by the same process they lose their not *innate* but *connate* wisdom.

Here we seem to have essayed an early (the passage was written in 1810) explanation of instinct, apparently the same to all intents as that which chiefly obtains nowadays, and is commonly thought to be so very modern, namely, that instinct may be defined as inherited, though unconscious, memory. Its expression certainly does credit to the poet-philosopher, and serves to cover the barrenness of the rest of his vapid remarks, though there is one of them to which the attention of Messrs. Murray and Bradley must be called in view of another edition of or supplement to THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY. This is the sixth (p. 498) giving Coleridge's "certain yet hitherto unknown etymology" of the word *gossamer* as "God's Dame's Hair," which illustrates the old

notion, well expressed by the saying of an expert, that "the less authority there is for any derivation the more glorious is the guess!"

Except the views of Selborne and other places, which though rude are faithful, and convey a very good notion of the subjects they represent, the illustrations are exceedingly poor. Nearly all the figures of beasts and birds are obviously from stuffed specimens, and show no more knowledge of nature than the "taxidermist" has been able to impart. They are said to have been drawn from specimens in a private collection; they are as bad as if they had been taken from those in the Natural History branch of the British Museum. Then, too, where is the need of imitating the unskilful work of the old map-designers, work which indeed had gone out of use before the time of Gilbert White, and thus of giving a false air of antiquity to the book? But this blemish is small in comparison with the great fault possessed by the volume, its having an unfit editor, as is shown by footnote after footnote of trite or misapplied comment.

Of the other of the two recently-published editions of SELBORNE only the first volume has as yet appeared. This contains the letters to Pennant annotated by Dr. Richard Bowdler Sharpe, to which is added the GARDEN KALENDAR kept by White, now printed as a whole for the first time, with ten pages of Introduction by the Dean of Rochester, a part of the performance which may be dismissed with the remark that more than half of it would serve as a prelude to almost any kind of book. The very reverend author himself says (p. 191) that he approaches his "main object by a circuitous route, resembling 'the Drive' at some pretentious villa" which "is designed to impress the

visitor, 'to astonish the Browns' with erroneous ideas of space." Now, if these words have any meaning, it may be safely said that there is not an admirer of Gilbert White, and his unaffected style, who will not loudly protest against what appears to be a singularly unhappy comparison. There is certainly nothing of the "pretentious villa" about this humble series of horticultural and domestic records, as everyone knew who had ever glanced at the original, or read the portion printed by Bell. It is good for the enthusiast that this KALENDAR should be published, but there is no "reading" in its simple entries. Its chief interest is to the minute biographer, who from it may obtain information, in some instances not otherwise to be had, as to its author's movements. White was a very practical gardener, and, though not disdaining the charms of flowers, thought much more of his vegetables and fruit, cucumbers and Cantaleupe melons especially coming in for attention, and next to them his grapes. In those days much thought was taken in regard to home-made wines, and it may amuse some people to learn that after White set up house-keeping he almost yearly bought parcels of Smyrna and Malaga raisins,—they obviously had different properties—which, mixed in due proportion and treated *secundum artem*, were made to yield what, when coloured by elder-juice (also home-made) and fortified by brandy, proved to be raisin-wine. The process of treatment is not described, it was no doubt well known to every housekeeper of the period; but the liquor was at times refractory, and evidently gave a good deal of trouble,—indeed there is a passage which suggests that in one case the end was in great part vinegar, though vinegar seems to have

been regularly made of the "chaff." But let it not be supposed that the good man trusted wholly to a concoction of this kind. There are records of generous port and mountain-wine coming to the house, and being duly racked off and laid down in the cellar. Moreover there are entries which concern brewings; but as they chiefly mention strong ale, this *KALENDAR* is taken out of the small-beer chronicles to which, honestly speaking, it bears so great a resemblance that Bell, who might have printed the whole, thought that a specimen would be sufficient.

The letters to Pennant, as here printed, present a new and important feature. The originals, returned by him to White, for the latter's use when preparing the great book, were at the disposal of Bell for his edition; but he unfortunately made little use of them. Within the last few years they have been bought by the trustees of the British Museum, and Dr. Sharpe has judiciously taken advantage of their being accessible to the public, to restore the passages which White had struck out when revising them for the press. Therein the author was quite justified, for the letters often treated of subjects in a very general way, whereas he was composing them into a *Natural History* of Selborne, to which most of the omitted passages were not at all applicable. But they are not on that account the less worthy of attention or the less interesting. Indeed, some of them throw considerable light on the letters (printed by Bell) written by Gilbert to his brother John, who was for a time chaplain at Gibraltar, if they do not serve to explain all the difficulties which those letters present. It is right, however, to say that the difficulties are of purely technical importance, and it would be out of place here to dwell

upon them. Enough to state that they furnish additional proof of the breadth of Gilbert White's interests, showing that he threw himself as thoroughly into questions relating to the natural history of Southern Spain as he did into those relating to that of his mother-parish. Any future editor of Gilbert's letters to his brother John,—they can hardly be called a correspondence, since there exist only two from John to Gilbert—will have to take account of these omitted portions of the letters from Gilbert to Pennant. So far then so good.

Dr. Sharpe does not encumber the text with many foot-notes of his own, but he has been wise enough to copy several of the best from those of preceding editors, Jardine, Bell, and Mr. Harting; yet it seems inexcusable of him to suggest (p. 309, *note*) that White did not know the difference between a rook and a crow (though certainly he would not have referred them to different *genera*), for rooks assuredly built in his day at Selborne (p. 393), however altered the case may now be. But Dr. Sharpe and the Dean have made one bad slip. The "John" who worked in White's garden in 1759 was not, as they tell us (pp. 193, 195, and 277), a nephew of his, but simply John Lassam the labourer, specially named (p. 270) as being employed by him at the time. White indeed had two nephews named John, but one of them happened to have only just come into the world (at Gibraltar) in that year; while the other (son of "brother Benjamin" in Fleet Street) was not eighteen months old in May, 1759. But even if either of them had been as precocious as the young gentleman mentioned by Mr. Shandy, absence from Selborne would have hindered him from taking part in tacking and trimming

the vines. A worse mistake, found also in Mr. Allen's edition (p. 127), is that of misprinting, in letter xxxiv. to Pennant, Moufet's name (p. 147). It certainly has been spelt in several ways, but can never be Mouset, as they and some other editors have it, and thereby indicate that they had never heard of the earliest English entomologist, the worthy author of *HEALTH'S IMPROVEMENT*.¹

It would be well, however, if no graver faults than these remained to be pointed out in this edition. There is yet one for which the publisher must be held responsible, and that regards the illustrations. Almost the best known personal fact about Gilbert White is that he would never sit for his portrait, and therefore that no likeness of him exists. This is admitted in the paragraph at the head of the "List of full-page Illustrations" (p. ix.), where is the astounding statement that :

The artist has, therefore, had to draw upon his imagination, supplemented by such characteristics as the author unconsciously displayed, and by such descriptions of his dress and personal appearance as have been handed down to us.

Every reasonable person will instinctively exclaim, where was the necessity for anything of the sort? It could only exist with the publisher. Moreover if it were to be done, why should Gilbert White be represented over and over again as a figure of fun? No reader of his writings can doubt his being a humourist; but

¹ It is easy to see that the mistake arose from the old-fashioned "long s" used in the original edition of White's work; but though such an error is pardonable in a transcriber or printer, it ought not to have escaped the notice of any one fit to edit the *NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE*; for he should have at least heard pronounced the name of the author of the *INSECTORUM THEATRUM*, and having heard it would be on his guard against such a blunder.

why should he be made to look ridiculous? The figures introduced can only be termed offensive impertinences, and as such they will properly be resented by all lovers of his memory. Moreover they all express one and the same falsification, proving, despite the statement just quoted, the draughtsman's ignorance of his victim's personal appearance. In every one Gilbert White is represented as "wearing his own hair," to use the old phrase. Yet we have undoubted proof that he always wore a wig, as did nearly all the respectable gentlemen of his day. In 1752 we find him paying forty-five shillings for a "feather-top'd grizzle wig" from London (Bell ii. 316); and in 1783 his niece wrote to him from London, "Mr. Grimble has sent your wig" (*tom. cit.* p. 150), while the humorous lines, ascribed to him by Bell,

Ye worthy friends in Abchurch Lane,
Who do our noddles thatch,
Send me a wig, but not too big,
With care and with dispatch,

which are said to have formed one of his orders, tell of this wig-wearing as a constant habit. As has been said before, Gilbert White was a gentleman, and there is no doubt he was a wise man, though it may be granted that a man may not look so wise as he is. However these objectionable caricatures may suit some debased tastes, they represent him as something between a clerical fop and a fool. They are quite on a par with Mr. Allen's designation of his lifelong devotion to natural history as a "fad," or Dean Hole's apparent comparison of the *GARDEN KALENDAR* to a "pretentious villa." It may be added that all are equally false, and in equally bad taste.

ALFRED NEWTON.

